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A Little Matter of Emphasis

MR. LYTTELTON'S heavily guarded tour of Malaya may have been brief, but he has had time at least to learn one short, sharp lesson. On his arrival at Singapore last week he declared blithely to the press that the purpose of his coming was to obtain an intensification of the war against the terrorists; that the restoration of law and order was essentially a military and police undertaking; and that he did not see political progress in Malaya as an integral part of the struggle against militant Communism. "The political situation would have to wait." Three days later, at Kuala Lumpur, the Secretary of State hastened to eat his own words. Performing the exercise known to politicians as "correcting a false impression," he said that the point he had wished to stress in his initial statement was that the military effort had been lagging: he was fully aware that political and social advancement were essential parts of the anti-Communist campaign. "It was really a matter of emphasis."

In this rapid conversion of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald doubtless played some part: he, at least, could be under no delusion as to the deplorable effect likely to be created among the non-Communist leaders of the Malayan communities by Mr. Lyttelton's first statement. Fortunately, however, the Minister did find time to meet both Dato Onn Bin Ja-Afar, Chairman of the Independent Malaya Party, and Dato Tan Cheng Lock, the President of the Malayan Chinese Association. From them he undoubtedly learned that, if the authorities are to expect "loyal" Chinese and Malayans to shoulder the risky, if patriotic, responsibility of co-operating against the insurgents, much more must be done, not merely in the provision of social services and economic betterment in the Federation, but also to convince the people of Malaya that the sincere aim of British policy is that Malaya shall move quickly towards self-government. As Dato Onn observed, before his talks with Mr. Lyttelton, the "emergency" cannot be regarded as a purely military problem, and the aspirations of Malayans are as important as the military struggle against Communism.

It is something that Mr. Lyttelton should appear to have recognised this fundamental truth; and we only regret that he did not take the opportunity of meeting the leaders of the two communities together round the table. Apart from Malayan complaints that the Federation is still apt to be regarded by Britain as a colony, in which rubber production and export are rated of more importance than Malayan welfare, there is no hope of unstinted Chinese co-operation in restoring "law and order" until the Chinese community is persuaded that Britain accepts the fact that over two million Chinese regard Malaya as their home and are not prepared to be treated as second-class citizens. Mr. Lyttelton would have done well to foster the recent encouraging rapprochement between the leaderships of the Malayan and Chinese communities. For the one chance there is of preventing the Malayan "situation" drifting into an endless destructive war on Viet Nam lines, is that there should emerge in Malaya a bi-communal political organisation which commands the support of the majority of the people and to which the British Government could begin to devolve the responsibility for government.

So far, the difficulty in the problem of Malaya has been, not merely that the "terrorists"—unlike the Viet Minh—possess no formal leadership with which the authorities could negotiate, but that an effective political organisation has also been lacking in non-Communist Malaya. It is to promote and encourage the establishment of such a political body that British efforts should be directed. Here lies our one hope of escaping from an *impasse* which no military or police action alone can solve.

Dr. Adenauer in London

If we are to credit the newspapers, it was "in search of peace" that the German Chancellor paid his courtesy visit this week to London. It is at least a pleasant picture; and, since it is to the U.S., not Britain, that Dr. Adenauer is addressing his little bill in dollars for the twelve German divisions which Western military planners want, it is indeed possible that the rearmament of Germany has not figured directly as the main topic in these Anglo-German talks. What seems probable is that Dr. Adenauer has sought British support for his attitude towards

the problem of German unity. For the moment, the question of holding free elections to an all-German Parliament has been shelved, while the political committee argues in Paris whether the United Nations has the right to study their preconditions. But Dr. Adenauer must be uncomfortably aware that the discussions in the Palais de Chaillot may not save him from an outright challenge by Dr. Schumacher on the issue of an all-German conference to formulate electoral conditions. Is he to reject outright a proposal which he himself regards as a Communist "trap," at the cost of appearing to block the unification of his country?

This question of German unity is in danger of becoming hopelessly confused by external factors. The conception of a Germany reunited *and* rearmed can be wiped off the slate: apart from the fact that it would never be tolerated by the Soviet Union or the other East European States, French objections would be so strong that N.A.T.O. would be split in pieces. Why not, then, a Germany reunited and "neutralised" in the sense of being substantially unarmed? The Russians seem willing to agree to this as an alternative preferable to rearming Western Germany, but, apart from the economic difficulties of reunion, there are two obstacles. Dr. Adenauer has told British M.P.s that a neutralised Germany would be unacceptable to him since "it would sooner or later inevitably be drawn into the maelstrom of the Eastern Bloc." What Dr. Adenauer might have added, for greater candour, is that he could not count on an all-German electorate giving a majority to the C.D.U. More important is the fact that in Washington the argument seems to prevail that (a) there must be German divisions, (b) seeing that neither Russia nor France would swallow the rearmament of a united Germany, Germany must remain divided, and her contribution to Western defence made exclusively by Bonn.

A New Deadlock in Korea?

Hopes of an early peace in Korea naturally rose when the U.N. and Communist delegations finally mapped the cease-fire line that will apply if a full armistice is agreed by December 27. For two days, ground fighting died away, as the U.N. troops acted on the "misunderstood" order to call off all local offensive action. That "seldom-fire" order, despite Washington's repudiation of the "phoney cease-fire," apparently remains in force. But more than a week has passed since the maps were initialled, and very little progress has been made on the other items on the truce talk agenda.

The new deadlock has arisen on two points concerning truce enforcement. The Americans are adamant that there must be no repair or construction of airfields by the Communists—an understandable demand in face of the growing Chinese air power—while the Communists demand that the U.N. command should interrupt its rotation scheme, whereby combat units are regularly replaced by fresh troops from the U.S. or from the reserve in Japan. This controversy has been delegated to a special sub-committee, similar to that which drafted the cease-fire line, and, in an effort to expedite agreement within the thirty days, the Americans have proposed another sub-committee to discuss the exchange of prisoners. One surprise this week has been the Communists' quick agreement in principle to inspection, though they suggest "neutral" rather than U.N. inspectors. These, they now indicate by way of illustration, might be supplied by such countries as Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. If a truce is to be reached by Christmas—and the thorny question of political recommendations has not yet been reached—there must be quick and generous concessions by both parties.

The Bangkok Coup

Bangkok has just had its third coup in two years. In the twenty years old ding-dong battle for power between Pibul and Pridi, Pibul has scored two out of three. On November 28 he further increased his power when army leaders under his instructions dissolved both Houses of Parliament and restored the old constitution of 1932. The night's work was completed by setting up a temporary executive body composed of generals, admirals and air marshals with the Field Marshal as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence. This was a very neat political performance, so well timed that when King Phumiphol Adulej of Siam with his Queen arrived in Bangkok on Sunday morning, the new Government and the new National Assembly had already taken over power and held their first meetings like dressed-up marionettes in the setting of the elaborately decorated (Italian style) parliament building. Rumours in Bangkok (outside the capital city the Siamese are more interested in their rice fields than in the antics of politicians) suggest that some members of the King's numerous family were staging an anti-Pibul coup and that Pibul was determined to take no chances of the young King taking a fancy to the army of which he became the nominal head under the 1949 constitution. So Pibul abolished the constitution.

The Lightermen's Case

The lightermen's dispute, which is threatening seriously to hold up Christmas traffic at the London docks, arises over a matter of differential payment for skill. The lightermen are by tradition aristocrats of the waterside, but have lost much of their advantage since the conditions of other dock workers have been improved. Their claims were recently rejected by a committee set up by the Ministry of Labour; but they refused to accept its findings and resorted to a ban on overtime in order to press their case. The employers then proceeded to return men who refused overtime to the port labour pool; and the lightermen's union retorted that by custom the working of overtime is voluntary and the employers have no right to enforce it as a condition of employment. The employers deny this, and have continued their policy of returning men to the pool for discipline; and the Stevedore's Union has now come in on the lightermen's side. The Transport and General Workers' Union, which accepted the recommendations of the Ministry's committee, is not supporting the lightermen. The employers now say that they are willing to refer the case to another committee of inquiry, provided that the question of special pay for higher skill is ruled out. This, however, is the very substance of the men's claim, the overtime issue having arisen only out of its rejection. The employers' offer, then, does not seem to be helpful, especially as they are insisting that the proposed committee's recommendations must be accepted by all parties in advance. The real issue is whether the lightermen are entitled to the skilled differential which they used to enjoy. This was fundamentally the matter that led to the re-establishment of their separate union after it had been absorbed into the T. and G.W. thirty years ago; and it has never been settled. It is not a case of Communist trouble-makers; the lightermen are rather a conservative group. It is a straight trade union issue about wage-differentials between a craft union and the employers, with an industrial union not supporting the craftsmen's claim.

The Farmers and the Consumers

The increases in farm prices announced by the Government last week were designed to meet the cost of recent wage advances; and the fertiliser subsidies simultaneously announced were meant as a set-off against other increases in production costs. The farmers are loudly complaining that they are not enough, while on the other hand Mr. Stanley Evans has promptly reiterated his charge that the farmers are being "feather-bedded" at the national expense. There can, of course, be no doubt that many farmers could have gone on making good profits without the higher prices; but, as always, the problem is that of the marginal farmer and of the marginal "dose" of reproductive expenditure. This country needs as much as ever a high total of home food production; and under present conditions this means that prices have to be high enough to make high output remunerative on marginal land and to encourage the holders of good land to cultivate it to the limit. For these reasons the increases were probably unavoidable, though only the expert can pretend to say whether the sums granted are just right. The question at issue is whether the Government can be allowed to get away with its intention to take the cost of the increases out of the food subsidies, so as to make necessary a rise in other prices in order to balance the account. Clearly, there are going to be a good many more price rises, and the total cost of living is bound to rise sharply unless the amount available for food subsidies is increased. If that happens, the workers will respond promptly with new wage demands, which it will be very difficult to refuse. The sufferers will be the pensioners, the recipients of small fixed incomes, and such independent workers and wage- or salary-earners as are without strong trade union backing for their claims. Is this what the Tories want?

In Westminster

Our Parliamentary correspondent writes: Apart from Thursday's Defence debate, which occurred too late for comment in this issue, the principal Parliamentary occasion of the last week has been the debate on housing. The points of substance arising from this are dealt with editorially on another page. As a House of Commons fiesta it was something of a disappointment, the Opposition trying to show the Government's intentions to be worse than they probably are,

and the Government trying to claim that it is not really doing very much more than improve on the plans of Mr. Dalton and Mr. Bevan. This led to a rather woolly debate and fewer fireworks than had been hoped for by either the headline writers or the more sportive backbenchers. The most significant feature of the debate was that it brought Mr. Bevan out of his tent to do battle, not with Mr. Gaitskell but with the Tories. Labour Members were delighted with his performance, which, by any standard except his own best, was a fine one; but the prolonged cheering which greeted its conclusion may have been less a tribute to his speech than a mark of relief that the long silence was ended. Mr. Bevan, brooding and enigmatic, has provoked some general uneasiness. His elongated shadow in the Chamber has seemed to whisper *memento mori* to the Opposition Front Bench, without providing backbenchers with anything tangible to follow. There are widespread indications now that there is a great deal of sympathy and respect among Labour M.P.s for Mr. Bevan's views on the economics of rearmament, and, outside the little circle of his professional enemies, a real desire to bring him back into the fold and encourage him to contribute his unbounded talents to the formulation of a coherent Opposition strategy. But a great majority of his colleagues are appalled at the prospect of having to choose between two rival camps. After all, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Gaitskell are young men, likely to dominate Labour politics for many years. A feud between them, allowed to harden and grow permanent, might have more damaging consequences than the former antagonism between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin. So runs the argument; and Mr. Bevan's appearance in his old role, scourging the Tories, in common cause with the rest of his Party, is regarded as a first step along the functional path to unity. Hence the cheers, which were not confined to any one quarter of the Labour benches.

European Topsy-turvydom

Our Paris correspondent writes: The temptation of any political observer these days to throw it all up as a bad job, and to retire to the country and look after a couple of rational pigs, is very great. In Rome they talked rearmament last week; in Paris they are talking disarmament; three days ago the Pleven Government was reckoned to be out on its ear; to-day, with an increase in the latest dollar subsidy from 350 to 600 millions, its chances are considered far better; at Strasbourg M. Paul Reynaud prophesied that, owing to Britain's "un-European" attitude, the French Assembly would scarcely be able to approve of either the European Army or the Schuman Plan; and to-day the Plan, after the favourable vote of the Foreign Affairs Committee, seems in the bag—though what will happen to the European Army is still unknown. But there is no guarantee that, in a few days' time, everything may not go topsy-turvy again. The French Socialists are passionate Federalists, but now they see that their United Europe threatens to become a Vatican-dominated fragment of Europe, with Adenauer as its Strong Man. Last week, de Gaulle fumed against the European Army; to-day there are indications of the Gaullists trying to get into the French Government by the back door—by concessions. Bonn meantime is reported to be asking Washington for a gift of 14 milliard dollars as a first instalment for starting on its portion of the "European Army"!

If anything clear emerges at all from all this confusion it is that the United States is expecting "Europe"—which has really come to mean France, Germany and Italy—to pull itself together and start rearming in all seriousness. Far-reaching decisions must be taken before the middle of January, or at any rate, before the next meeting of the Atlantic Council in Lisbon in February. Judging from the new subsidy promised the French, and the huge "first instalment" Adenauer is asking Washington to pay, the U.S. is willing to pay out cash, so as to get the "European Army" properly started; no doubt, after this start, it can later be decided how much of the pie is to be French rabbit and how much is to be German horse. Adenauer seems in a mood to provide any amount of German horse flesh—at a price. But, as Mr. Butler is reported to have asked, at the conclusion of the Rome talks, who's going to pay the rest of the bill? Already, the provisional 1952 figure for French military expenditure has been put at £950 millions, or £1,100 millions if one adds "indirect" military items in other parts of the Budget.

At the U.N., the most important fresh development has been the setting up of the Big Four sub-committee which, at the suggestion of Pakistan, Iraq and Syria, is to study the possibility of a compromise between the Russian and the Western disarmament proposals. It is perhaps significant that Vyshinsky, the Foreign Minister himself, should represent the Soviet Union on this sub-committee, and that the other three Powers should be represented by underlings. The impression at the Palais de Chaillot was that Mr. Jessup, in particular, was a little nervous about this sub-committee's being expected to reach any definite conclusions, and questioned its authority. On the other hand, it looks as if Vyshinsky is going to make the most of it by starting off with concessions to the Western view. Thus, he emphasised that there was nothing in the Western objection to placing the control mechanism under the authority of the Security Council, since the Soviet Union fully agreed that this control machinery would *not* be subject to the veto. It looks at the moment as if Vyshinsky, by agreeing to unlimited control, will try to call the bluff of the United States, and by calling for the simultaneous prohibition and control of the atom bomb, win a propaganda victory not only in the eyes of his own Communist public, but also in the eyes of some sections of Western opinion.

That the Russians really intend control commissions to snoop round the Soviet Union is unlikely; but they may agree to it in the confident expectation that the U.S. will not agree to the prohibition of atom bombs even at this—or any other—price. One would like, for once, to be optimistic. But even if—which is doubtful—simultaneous control and the prohibition of atom bombs are agreed on, even in principle, agreement will still have to be reached on the level of armaments. "How many tanks does a destroyer represent? How much infantry is equivalent to a ton of napalm bombs?" And so on.

On Monday, the British delegate, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, proposed the setting up of an atomic arms and conventional arms Commission, on which all Powers represented on the Security Council, plus Canada, would be represented; and he also called for an attempt to define the relations to exist between this Commission and the Security Council. He added that the Four might then discuss the conditions in which atomic weapons would be prohibited; the best means of limiting other arms; the type of international control to be agreed on; the mechanism of "declaring" the existing armaments and the means of checking these "declarations." This was a step forward, but the order in which the different categories of conventional and atomic arms are to be declared remains a difficult point.

Mr. Holland Fights On

A New Zealand correspondent writes: Earlier this year the N.Z. Premier introduced the repressive Emergency Regulations to deal with the waterfront dispute. Now he has brought the Police Offences Amendment Bill before Parliament. It is aimed at sedition and intimidation and is remarkable in particular for its vagueness and for its extraordinary schedule of offences. It makes it an offence, punishable by a £100 fine or three months' imprisonment or both, to make or publish "any statement that expresses any seditious intention or has any seditious tendency" and defines the two latter terms as an intention or tendency "to bring into hatred or contempt . . . the Government of New Zealand or *any other part of the Commonwealth*." Similar provision is made regarding unlawful attempts to alter the laws "of New Zealand or any other part of the Commonwealth" or to incite disorder or excite "hostility or ill will between different classes" "whether in New Zealand or in any part of the Commonwealth." In a country where hatred of the racial policies of Dr. Malan's Government is at least as widespread and as passionate as it is in Britain this novel advancement of the idea of "One Commonwealth" has not unnaturally caused the gravest alarm.

By its retrospective provisions the section of the Bill on intimidation is clearly intended among other things to give a form of permanent protection against "insult" to the "new unionists" mobilised by Mr. Holland during the waterfront hold-up and still working as watersiders. Police officers are given enormous powers to prohibit demonstrations, forcibly enter private houses and arrest without warrant. Picketing is made illegal. The right of jury trial is abolished; there is no time limit for bringing charges; and bail as of right is disallowed. Mr. Holland has made no secret of his aim; it is "to dig the filthy Communist underground out and destroy it." Obvious similarities between the Police Offences Amendment Bill and Mr. Menzies' rejected Communist Party Dissolution Bill are therefore not surprising.

It would be wrong, however, to assume that Mr. Holland is leading a united National Party in favour of the Bill. His followers and immediate lieutenants include quite a number of legal men and some of them, notably Mr. Oram, the Speaker, have publicly expressed concern over the Bill's more blatant reversals of the principles of British justice. There has also been the remarkable case of the Workers' Educational Association in Auckland which failed to persuade a single National Party supporter to come forward to defend the Bill in debate. Similarly, with one exception, the New Zealand newspapers opposed a provision (since removed) which placed the burden of proof on an accused person.

Nothing Mr. Holland has previously done has caused so much worry among his own supporters and such hostility. There has never before been a comparable threat to suppress political opposition; and alarm is hardly allayed by the public knowledge that the Cabinet was against a measure specifically to ban the Communist Party because many of those regarded by the Government as "troublemakers" are not members of the Communist Party—notably the leaders of the now-deregistered Waterside Workers' Union. People are now recalling with concern the charges by Government spokesmen, including Mr. Holland's deputy, that during the waterfront dispute the Labour Party was "walking hand in hand with the Communists." If the mounting protest movement could secure deferment of the measure till next year, its defeat seems possible. But Mr. Holland may force it through at once.

The Builder Still in Chains

After he had explained it to the Commons, Mr. Macmillan's housing plan was seen to conform to the general pattern of Conservative policy which has been slowly emerging since Mr. Butler took over at the Treasury. By and large, the planning and controls, developed during the war and modified to meet peace-time requirements by the Labour Government, are to be retained. Those who looked forward, whether with fear or with pleasure, to a sudden "dash for freedom," are to be disappointed—for the moment at least. Mr. Butler had already told us there is to be no drastic deflation of the economy, and no drastic decontrol of industry. Now Mr. Macmillan adds that there is to be no drastic modification of housing policy in order to release the pent-up energies of the private builder, about which we heard so much talk during the election campaign. Time after time, in the course of last Tuesday's debate, the new Minister was at pains to emphasize that he was continuing unchanged the policies of his two Socialist predecessors. Apparently there is to be continuity not only in foreign policy, but in housing policy as well.

Is this mere appearance—window-dressing, in order to conceal a deep-laid plot—or does the Government really intend to scrap all its election pledges to the private builder and with them the target of 300,000 houses a year? The answer to this question reveals part, at least, of the reason for the sterility of so much party political controversy. Even if Mr. Churchill, before the Korean war, really did desire to make a dash for freedom, the circumstances of rearmament make it impossible to do anything of the kind to-day. So long as both parties continue to give the Defence plan overriding priority, they are driven, willy-nilly, into a tacit Coalition on almost every domestic issue, and the area of genuine controversy becomes steadily smaller. You can neither "advance to Socialism" nor yet "return to free enterprise" so long as your economy is overlaid and weighed down by a vast structure of rearmament.

This general principle applies with particular force to the problems of housing. The staggering rate of private enterprise building during the mid-1930s to which Conservative propagandists constantly referred when they were in Opposition, was entirely due to the depression in our basic industries. A pool of unemployed and an immense supply of unused materials were waiting to be mopped up in the speculative housing boom, which, naturally enough, was concentrated not in the industrial North, where the need was greatest, but in those southern counties in which the slump had not destroyed the effective demand for new houses.

Since the war the situation has been reversed. Under conditions of full employment, the number of houses built in any year has been limited not by demand, which is insatiable, but by the amount of labour and materials available, and by the degree of priority afforded to the housing programme. If the Labour Government had cut back another part of its building programme—if, that is to say, it had deliberately reduced the number of new factories, schools and hospitals and the amount of essential repair work to be undertaken—it could have pushed the rate of house-building up to 250,000 or 300,000 a year. The only other available method of stepping up the number of houses completed would have been to reduce their size and quality. Since both parties repudiated these alternatives, the size of the housing programme was strictly limited by the supply of labour and material.

The effect of rearmament has been to make this limit even less elastic than before. Rising wage levels in the arms factories drain off still more of the available building labour. Why should a man remain a plasterer when he can add £3 or £4 a week to his wage packet by doing unskilled labour on the production line? Timber imports must be severely restricted; we cannot buy all the Canadian timber we wish, owing to the dollar shortage, and our Russian purchases are limited by the exigencies of the Cold War. At the same time, cement exports must be maintained in order to redress the balance of trade. Under such conditions, the longed-for liberation of the builder from the control of the local authorities and the bureaucrats in Whitehall would produce not a housing boom, but economic chaos, which would threaten both the Defence and the housing programmes. It is only by a deliberate act of national planning that a figure of even 200,000 houses a year can be maintained in 1952.

These are the hard facts of life, which the Conservatives have had to learn since they took office. In all probability Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan knew them long before the election. As progressive Tories, they were ready to accept the main outlines of the Welfare State. But they had to fight an unpopular battle against the free-enterprisers in their own Party. It is rearmament which has enabled them to subdue their wild men, headed by Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Eccles, and to continue almost all the social policies of the Labour Government.

If the housing debate revealed a continuity of broad policy, there were, nevertheless, some sinister changes in emphasis. Mr. Macmillan has decided to permit local authorities to issue one building licence for each Council house that they build (the previous ratio was one to five). As he himself argued at length, this will probably have little or no effect on vigorous Councils, which are already building houses for rent up to their full allocation. It is those local authorities which have fallen down on their programme, or which have no very acute housing needs, that will dole out licences to the builders, and such authorities will hardly be inclined to exercise any tight control of the houses built for sale. "All that I have done," said Mr. Macmillan, "is to increase the area of the local authorities' discretion, and no pressure of any kind will be brought upon them, because our whole policy is that they should be the arbiters and not we."

This is remarkable language for the spokesman of a Party determined to set the builders free. Yet, to give greater discretion to the incompetent and the reactionary authorities is a dangerous move, which could be the first step to the demolition of Welfare housing policy. Mr. Bevan was right to stress that the result will be a tendency for houses to be built where they are needed least. The industrial cities and agricultural areas, where the social needs are greatest, and where the vast majority of applicants cannot afford to buy, will no longer have the top priority they have been given since 1945. So, too, the proposal that local authorities shall be encouraged to sell houses on their Council estates is retrograde. Where a Council manages several thousand houses, it can economise housing space by shifting a couple whose children have left home into a bungalow. Sensible housing management of this sort is rendered more difficult by a policy which encourages the sale of houses to tenants.

If it is right to point out the retrograde nature of Mr. Macmillan's modifications of Labour policy, it is equally important not to exaggerate it. So far, the issue which divides him from his predecessors is not one of principle, but of degree. He is less interested in maintaining housing standards than in reducing costs; more concerned to step up the total number built in a year than to ensure that they are built in the right place and allocated to the people who need them most. But he has accepted, for the time being, two principles of Socialist policy—that housing should be treated as a social service and not mainly as a field of private speculative enterprise, and that the local authority should be used by the Government to control the builders' activities and bring them into conformity with national needs. Under the pressure of rearmament he could not do otherwise, even though this meant scrapping six years of Conservative propaganda and yet another batch of Conservative election promises.

Election Issues in India

One hundred and seventy-five million Indian voters are now choosing representatives from about a dozen Indian political parties. On one issue, we may be sure, the 65 per cent. of these voters who are peasants are in general, indeed in passionate, agreement. They want to end the landlord system which, in varying degrees in different parts of the sub-continent, is India's worst inheritance from British rule. This political aim is common in spite of the different approaches to land reform made by the political parties. It is dramatically symbolised by the solitary figure of one man who is now walking through the villages of the United Provinces. This pilgrim is Acharya Vinoba Bhave, who was among the first chosen by Gandhi to demonstrate "Satyagrapha." He lives on bananas and curds, himself possesses no land, but plans to distribute 50 million acres to the landless by persuading zamindars voluntarily to surrender plots of their land. His quota under this "land gift" mission in the United Provinces alone is 10 million acres.

In the West, the notion of a voluntary transfer of land on any such scale may sound impracticable idealism but, says Acharya Vinoba Bhave, "in the country of Buddha and Gandhi this miracle is not at all impossible." In any case, Bhave's mission is not one that any candidate can afford to ignore, since the peasant is every-

where asking why it is that after four years of Independence and Congress rule he still lives in a dark mud house without a square yard of land to call his own, while the landlord enjoys the luxury of a large stone mansion surrounded by his own land as far as the eye can see. The Congress Government was pledged to abolish the zamindari system but, except in a few areas, notably in Madras, legislation has become bogged down in countless committees, with the result that years of valuable time have been wasted. Pandit Nehru has explained:

> The change over has been complicated because we have done it by constitutional means and by giving compensation, which is a heavy burden. Nevertheless, that is clearing the way for other reforms—plans for industrial growth and agricultural growth—in many ways collaborating the two as far as possible and thus bringing about some kind of balance between industry and agriculture to-day.

On this basic issue of land reform, the Communalists (that is the R.S.S. and the Hindu Mahassaba, who now co-operate in some areas with Dr. S. P. Mukerjee's new Party called the Jan Sangh) have no more to offer than they have on any economic issue. The Socialist party, which is contesting about 80 per cent. of the seats, stands for the abolition of the zamindars without compensation: they advocate that this drastic programme should be tempered only by a rehabilitation grant to smaller landlords and to peasant proprietors with holdings of not more than 200 acres, and they suggest the redivision of all land over 30 acres per farming family.

The Kripalani group is mainly concerned with exposing graft. The Communist Party indulges in violent abuse of Congress, though Communists seem to regard this as compatible with hints of possible rapprochement. They argue that there is little difference between the present zamindari system and the legal superstructure implied in the policy of the Government: both, they say, aim at keeping intact the semi-feudal economic basis of society. Communist criticism, however, must be judged by the party's own failure in Telengana, the area on the frontiers of Madras and Hyderabad where Communists succeeded for a time in establishing an ascendency.

The second test which the Indian voter will have in mind is whether Congress has increased the supply of food to millions of undernourished peasants. The Congress Food Grains Committee (1947), with the object of forestalling famine and permanently increasing food production, aimed at an additional 10 million tons, to be secured by the extension of irrigation, by provincial five-year schemes and by land reclamation. Many of these plans are only just under way. For this delay the calamitous monsoons and drought in areas which include the U.P., Bihar and Bengal are only partly responsible. But part of the Damodar Valley scheme is now nearing completion; the Sindri Fertiliser Factory, which (it is said) will ultimately make India self-sufficient in fertilisers, actually went into production a month ago; and at the Hirakud Dam project in Orissa a new engineering staff has recently been appointed as the result of a long story of public criticism and disquieting inefficiency.

The Socialist Party proposes a complete overhaul of the Government's policy, criticising it on the grounds that it is more concerned with making up the food deficit than on increasing production. In the past four years, their Manifesto says, 500 crores have been spent on imports and only 50 crores on irrigation. They suggest crop planning, co-ordinated price fixing and procurement through the village *panchayats*, the development of co-operatives and volunteer campaigns to cultivate large areas of waste land.

In the industrial field, Congress goes to the country committed to its Five Year Plan. The main criticisms which were launched in the Indian Parliament referred to the degree of power it gave to private capitalists and the weakness of morale and administrative capacity. Before adjourning, Parliament passed a Bill, modelled on Britain's 1947 Industrial Organisation and Development Act, providing for Government regulation of 38 key industries and their development through a central advisory council and a number of "development councils." The Socialist Party's programme formulates the division of industry into three sectors, nationalised, medium-scale private, and small-scale. To deal adequately with their programme, the Socialist Party, highly critical of the Government's tenderness towards the big industrialists, propose a capital levy which would "transfer to the State a substantial share in the ownership of industries and real property."

Pandit Nehru stated that the Five Year Plan did not depend on foreign capital but that, if foreign help arrived, it would be welcomed and would make it possible to enlarge the plan. But in the overall picture of industrial development, foreign capital would seem to play a vital part with equally important political implications. The industrial group, which reflects one of the more conservative elements in Congress, would prefer closer ties with America; some progressive industrialists, on the other hand, see in a speeding-up of the Colombo Plan the more effective development of India's resources. Pandit Nehru, who has made the Five Year Plan one of his main concerns—his courageous stand on Family Planning led to its incorporation in the Draft—emphasised in Parliament the fact that the Plan has to work within the four corners of the Constitution, while another limitation is that it "did not proceed on the basis of sweeping away the present economic and social structures of the country." To this point many Socialists would reply that a vote for Congress therefore means a vote for stagnation, while the Communists make no secret that they want to see India travel the Moscow-Peking road—an attitude which seems deliberately to overlook the fundamental differences of the Indian political, economic, historical and cultural background.

This General Election may determine whether India can achieve Socialism by consent. Since Independence, Congress may boast of two great experiments. India has not been Balkanised, as the prophets insisted that it would be; on the contrary, it has become an integrated nation, which is now carrying out the largest and most complex democratic election ever held. Further, under the guidance of Nehru, India has followed her own Asian foreign policy, based on support for the progressive forces of Asia and on independence of the American and Russian blocs. She has assisted Indonesia—as, for example, in January, 1949, when the Conference in Delhi adopted the Resolution for the withdrawal of Dutch troops, release of Republican prisoners and restoration of the Republican Government. She assisted Burma in the Conference attended by Commonwealth representatives to discuss the Burmese situation in its economic and civil war problems. She played a vital part in the revolution in Nepal which broke the power of the century-old Rana dictatorship. In the Korean war Nehru offered leadership to all Asia—indeed to the world. He rejected the Japanese Peace Treaty on the realistic ground that there can be no Pacific settlement which excludes China. He has also supported the claims of nationalism in Persia and Egypt. In reply to Right-wing criticism, Nehru said last week in his election speech in Bombay that any deviation from his policy of independence of America and Russia would be the ruin of India. It was a justified claim.

Though Socialists and others will win some local victories, no one doubts that Congress will be returned to office next February, when the last votes will be cast. But many thoughtful voters, seeing no immediate alternative, are asking themselves whether the Congress Party in office again will have the dynamic that is required to meet the needs of the people. They ask whether it will put an end to corrupt practices which have undermined confidence and loyalty, and whether it will encourage that popular initiative which is essential if blueprints are to be expressed in land and food, schools and co-operatives in the half-a-million villages of India. Very much depends on Pandit Nehru, who has now assumed the leadership of the Congress Party but whose social sympathies have always lain rather with the Socialists than with the dominant Hinduism of Congress. His task is only beginning; for success he must use the whole drive of his personality to carry his followers more swiftly along the path of social change.

London Diary

THERE seems a chance of reforming the British law of libel. To-day it is irrational, complex, obscure, unpredictable and a serious obstacle to honest comment. Parliament has until now ignored the sensible and very moderate reforms suggested by the Porter Committee, which was appointed as long ago as March, 1939, and which actually reported three years ago. The reason is the usual reason for neglecting non-Party legislation. Governments, pledged to their own party programmes, seldom have time for measures which merely promote civilised conduct. Now Mr. Harold Lever, Labour Member for Cheetham, was lucky enough to win the first place in the ballot of Private Members' Bills, and he has tabled a proposal "to amend the law relating to libel and slander." Mr. Lever is himself a barrister and his Bill follows fairly closely the proposals of the Porter Report. If it goes through, we shall have no more cases in which someone complains of being defamed because some luckless novelist or article-writer, accidentally and without malice, says something about

somebody whom somebody else declares to be recognisable as a friend of his. An explanation and apology is all that should be required in such cases. Most of the other changes are technical and deal especially with the defence of "fair comment." I doubt if the Bill goes far enough, but it will be much if it becomes law, and if the Government is only mildly benevolent towards it, it should have a good chance.

* * *

No one, I take it, really believes that five Canadian nuns have done to death a couple of thousand Chinese children. The facts appear to be something like this. The old practice of infanticide lingers on in China and even in normal times a number of bodies, most of them of children dead or dying of hunger and exposure, are picked up every morning in Shanghai. Any convent would take in such dead or dying infants from the streets. The trial itself was one of those "mass accusation" meetings which are the very dirtiest aspect of Communism. The People's Press in Peking has recently issued detailed instructions about organising such meetings, choosing the right victims and working up local hatred against them. Mao Tse-tung has particularly good reason for trying to discredit the Catholic church in China. The Pope has laid it down that the faithful shall not co-operate anywhere with Communism, which rules out the kind of coalition between the Communist Party and other groups that is now general throughout China. Further, the Japanese made unscrupulous use of Chinese Catholic converts, many of whom were tricked into becoming members of a Japanese-sponsored secret society which peddled "magic" on a vast scale. This organisation has been drastically purged. The mandarins, who ran this society, have been made to appear in full robes in public, to confess their trickery, and to restore the money they took in exchange for "charms" against every ill and danger under the sun. I expect that Mao Tse-tung sees very little difference between the cultivated superstition of this secret society and the doctrines of the Catholic Church; from his point of view the main difference is that the Catholics have powerful and dangerous foreign contacts. So the general picture seems to be that the regime is trying to destroy Catholicism in China partly by force, and partly by discrediting it in the public mind. The sympathy one might have for anti-clericalism is destroyed by the cruel nonsense of the Shanghai trial.

* * *

The Nairobi Supreme Court has quashed, upon appeal, a Kenya magistrate's conviction and sentence of an African who dared to grow coffee outside "an approved plantation." This judgment is likely to prove of great importance not only for the African in the case, Mr. Koinange Mbui, but for Africans in general, since it brings in question the whole complex structure of statutory restriction under which Africans suffer in Kenya—and in some other colonies of White settlement. The appellant argued successfully that the Governor's ruling on the restriction of coffee-growing by Africans exceeded his rule-making powers, and that it disregarded Article 34 in the constitutional instruments of the Colony. This Article says, in effect, that the Governor shall not assent to any measure that discriminates against non-Europeans. The facts, as related to me, certainly suggest that Mr. Mbui, the successful appellant, had cause to complain of a particularly flagrant example of discrimination. A large part of his family land had been seized and given to a European settler by the familiar process of land dispossession, his own coffee crops had been pulled up, and he had had the humiliation of seeing this European farmer growing coffee only a few yards away. The judgment reflects great credit upon the Supreme Court of Kenya. But it obviously has a much wider application, and I should hope the Africans would now examine the application of the law in Kenya to see what other illegally conceived legal restrictions they may now be able to overturn with the help of this precedent. Southern Rhodesian Africans should also take careful note.

* * *

At last Saturday's Fabian debate between Palme Dutt and R. H. S. Crossman the latter revealed that Transport House had solemnly warned the Fabians against the dangers of inviting a Communist on to their platform. This reminded me of foolish parents who think that their daughters can be kept from giving their affections in the wrong place by keeping them from meeting men not chosen by papa and mama. Notoriously the best safeguard is closer acquaintance with the possible seducer. Certainly this worked last Saturday, for any attraction that may have lurked in Dutt's eloquent, if rather over-familiar, exposition of the Communist view was far more than offset by the revelation that on no point was he prepared to admit that the Kremlin could ever be in the wrong. You could almost hear the fellow-travellers changing trains.

* * *

I was too late getting to know Dame Elizabeth Cadbury. Of course, I knew her for many years as a familiar platform figure, immensely active on committees and indefatigable in all good causes. But it was only a few years ago—when she was about ninety years old—that I met her one night in the interval during a performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute*. We fell immediately into discussion about the meaning of that most enchanting and mysterious of operas. Unhappily, the conversation was cut short. But I discovered that Dame Elizabeth's interests went far beyond those associated with peace, Quakerism and "public work"; she was very young in mind, and as full of excitement and curiosity about an idea as Bernard Shaw at the same age.

* * *

The fashion crazes of 1951 go to strange lengths. In the friendly chemist's where I regularly get my toothpaste and odds and ends, I have become used to being served by a pretty blonde girl in her early twenties. The other morning an unfamiliar, grey-haired woman was behind the counter; she greeted me, to my bewilderment, as an old acquaintance. Enlightenment only came when the chemist himself intervened: "Seemed to think she was Anna Neagle playing Queen Victoria." There was a blush on what I now saw was still a youthful cheek. "Given her the afternoon off, I have, to go and get 'put back' again. Blondes are good for trade: besides, I like 'em." As I left, a youthful voice was protesting: "But I've told you, silver-grey hair is *the* colour this autumn." What would James Laver say about that? In an ageing British population, do only the old deserve to be called the fair? CRITIC

HERR DOKTOR

Britain sent an invitation
Summoning to consultation
Dr. Adenauer of Bonn
That he might in private session
Tell the medical profession
How his case was getting on.

Fritz, the patient, sometimes savage,
Would the next door garden ravage—
He was quite a problem case;
But these regular intrusions
Sprang from natural delusions
Common to the Master race.

So much damage he inflicted
He had had to be restricted,
(After putting back the clock)
And when finally defeated
He to hospital retreated
Suffering from mental shock.

Adenauer's diagnosis
Soon pronounced advanced neurosis
With an anti-social urge,
So he ordered rest and quiet
With a democratic diet,
But without a drastic purge.

Fritz by adverse fate affected,
Was increasingly dejected,
Prone to melancholic fits,
His anæmia was chronic,
But a dose of dollar tonic
Did a world of good to Fritz.

Soon the doctor recommended,
Supervision might be ended
And all strict restraints removed.
Freed from cerebral disorder
Fritz no longer needs a warder
Mental fitness has been proved.

Fritz with arms may now be trusted,
Fritz no more is maladjusted,
Fritz, the homicide, is gone,
But the world takes leave to wonder
Will Fritz be much longer under
Dr. Adenauer of Bonn?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Last week the village council voted down the idea of street lighting. Even an offer from Lieut.-Colonel Byford Jones up at "the hall" to provide a stable lantern—17th century—powered by four tallow candles was refused. "We don't want the village to look like Blackpool," said the anti-lighting advocates.—*Daily Express*. (X.Y.Z.)

Xmas Stockings for Cats & Dogs 2s. 6d. each.—Advt. in *Daily Mirror*. (J. T.)

The expression second class is not used and, further, to avoid any invidious distinction between the two classes, all passenger baggage is contained in one hold, conveniently situated, and the baggage labels for the two classes are of the same colour.—Description of new liner in *Shipbuilding & Shipping Record*. (Ralph Cusack.)

An official of Stepney council borough engineer's department said later that there was no ruling against a person combing his hair in a public convenience "provided the council's equipment was not used."—*News Chronicle*. (B. C. Thomas.)

Outlook from Strasbourg

I. Perfide Albion

THE idea of European Union, of which the Council of Europe is the expression, gained widespread acceptance, at least on the Continent, largely as the result of Winston Churchill's rhetoric when out of office. The first month of Mr. Churchill's Government may have been enough to kill it. The Consultative Assembly of the Council resumed its adjourned third session here last week with a four-day discussion which ranged generally over the political future of Europe and the Council's own functions. It was difficult to observe this earnest, prolix and, finally, sterile debate without reflecting that, just as the public in Britain is disappointed at the difference between the romantic promises of the Conservative suitor and the unsatisfying performance of the Tory bridegroom, European opinion is experiencing a similar disillusion at the cynicism of the new Government's refusal to go any farther than the last one along the road towards a federal Europe. I do not recall that the words *perfide Albion* were actually used in debate (though M. Paul Reynaud, long regarded as Mr. Churchill's principal European acolyte, came very near them); but they have certainly been heard this past week in the corridors of the Maison de l'Europe.

The Government's firmly stated decision that the position of Britain economically, militarily and as the hub of the Commonwealth, is basically inconsistent with a political integration into Western Europe is almost certainly a wise one. But the same arguments were put forward, and with equal validity, by Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison in their day. At that time the Labour Government came under the sharpest criticism from British Conservatives for its cautious, unimaginative attitude. The Conservative Opposition, for instance, had divided the House of Commons against the refusal to accept a supra-national authority as the pre-condition for entering the Schuman discussions on a coal and steel pool. The European army had been Mr. Churchill's own brain child, shown to the world for the first time in this same Council chamber where last week the assembled delegates waited to taste the fruits of Mr. Churchill's election victory. Indeed, the proceedings at the Assembly have, in the past, often been sharpened by the vigour of Conservative arguments on behalf of United Europe and—coincidentally, no doubt—against the Labour Government. It is scarcely surprising, then, that much was expected by the Continental federalists from Mr. Churchill's return to power. The standard bearer was once again in the van; no longer would Britain lag behind.

Moreover, in the week before the meeting of the Assembly, a Congressional delegation from Washington had visited Strasbourg to confer with a team of delegates from the Council of Europe on the prospects of closer European Union. Well briefed though ill-informed, jolly yet slightly menacing, inquiring but didactic, they had left their European colleagues in no doubt about U.S. desires. North America had solved her problem 150 years ago by federation; why was Europe so slow to do the same? After all, they reminded their listeners, the Mutual Aid Act formally incorporated the objective of uniting Europe, and it might be held illegal for U.S. dollars to go to any country too palpably dragging its feet. The naive over-simplification of this line of argument did not remove its element of threat, which might have seemed less explicit if it had not been deliberately and indeed rather mischievously played up by M. Spaak, the strongly federalist President of the Consultative Assembly, in winding up the conference.

The importance attached by the federalists to both the new British Government and the exhortations of the Congressmen was made clear on the first day of the Assembly by speakers as far apart politically as M. Struye, the Belgian Catholic, and M. Guy Mollet, the French Socialist. Both referred pointedly to Conservative speeches at earlier sessions; both emphasised the impossibility of European Union without Britain; both reminded Europe of what America expected of her. By the time Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe came to put the British case the following day everybody realised that the future of European Union depended on what he had to say. Now "Sir Fyfe" is as popular at Strasbourg as he is at Westminster. He can seldom have opened a case before a more friendly judge, a more receptive jury. His performance did not, indeed, lack distinction, but his brief was wellnigh hopeless. The only concrete statement of policy proved to be the announcement that Britain proposed to establish a permanent delegation at the seat of the Schuman Plan high authority to "enter into relations with and negotiate with" the Coal and Steel Pool. Short of declaring economic war on the Pool, no Government could have done less. Of the Pleven Plan—Mr. Churchill's European Army, in which all were expected only last year to play "an honourable and worthy part"—he promised a kindly British interest in anything the Continental powers cared to cook up.

> I cannot promise you that our eventual association . . . will amount to full and unconditional participation because this . . . must, in our view, be left for inter-Governmental discussion elsewhere. [At almost the self-same moment Mr. Eden was telling the North Atlantic Council that Britain would take no part at all.] But I can assure you of our determination that no genuine method shall fail for the lack of the thorough examination which one gives to the needs of trusted comrades.

After that clarion call the rest was anti-climax. Sir David had opened his speech in a respectful, anticipatory silence; and when he finished the scattered applause sounded like the dropping of half a dozen pins.

The rest of the debate consisted of attempts by the British delegates of both parties (with some assistance from the Scandinavians) to mitigate the damage, and by the remainder of the Assembly to assess what could be done to gather up the wreckage and piece together at least the framework of a European Army. The British Labour delegates sensibly refrained from seeking to make much Party play out of the Conservative embarrassment. Mr. Glenvil Hall, an old stager at Strasbourg, in a dignified speech emphasised that British Government policy had at least been perfectly consistent. Mr. Gordon Walker scored with a sober and well-argued statement of Britain's dependence on foreign trade and obligations to the Commonwealth. There was no ray of hope here for the federalists; but, as one Frenchman put it, the Labour Government had been so consistently obstructive that no charge of perfidy could lie against its erstwhile members.

The Continental delegates varied in their estimate of the situation from those who considered, like M. Reynaud together with the majority of Socialists, that Sir David's speech had killed any possibility of a European Army, to those, mostly on the Catholic Right, but including the German Social Democrat, Carlo Schmidt, who considered that in the absence of Britain, Scandinavia, and probably the Low Countries, the remainder should press on as best they could with the establishment of a political authority to control an army made up of contingents from whichever countries were willing to take part. In practice that would almost certainly mean France, Italy and West Germany, with, perhaps, the addition of a drummer-boy from Luxembourg. All agreed that the Pleven Plan in its original conception was dead.

In a further despatch I shall attempt to weigh both the validity of British policy towards Europe and some of its implications on the Continent. At the end of the first week of the Council's Session, it is apparent that good will towards Britain has now reached a new low at Strasbourg. Angry Frenchmen are not mollified by being reminded that Mr. Churchill habitually uses extravagant language when he is not Prime Minister and that the Conservatives have never formally committed themselves to anything beyond the previous Government's position. The Council of Europe is, as one of its own reports puts it, "an organ seeking its natural function." While the British Conservatives were in pursuit of office, they used language which led many Europeans to believe that they would be willing to take a part in providing a function. In a sense the Council has dragged on, buoyed up by this hope, waiting for the British electorate to put Mr. Churchill in the position to play his part. Now the moment of truth has arrived, and the function is seen to be less a vision than an illusion. The Council will not put up its shutters just yet. It provides a useful forum for sounding European opinion; it may still provide a home for the Schuman Plan authority, a "little" European Army or some other limited supra-national agency. But the grand idea of European Union lies cold—knocked out by its progenitor—and the Council as at present constituted can never be more than a talking shop.

The French Government who erected the Maison de l'Europe to house the Assembly built, perhaps, more wisely than they knew. Nothing has been spared in superficial prefabricated luxury. It is even possible to find attractions in the decor, if you like the "London Airport" school of architecture. But it is a temporary building, designed to last ten years.

Strasbourg, December 2. John Freeman

"Westward Ho" and After

IN 1947, under the scheme somewhat pompously named "Operation Westward Ho," Britain offered to absorb about a hundred thousand homeless European workers at the rate of two thousand a week; and by June, 1948, we had in fact taken seventy thousand of them—more than any other country. Our motives were admittedly not entirely altruistic. It was a few weeks after the great "freeze-up"; we had a production crisis of the first magnitude, and we recognised an "easy" labour market when we saw one. We therefore sought volunteers for those industries which were fundamental to our recovery and which were also undermanned—men for coal, steel and agriculture, and women for textiles. We appealed for more women than men; and, from the early summer of 1947, batches of rather nervous girls "displaced" from the Ukraine, Poland and the Baltic States, began to arrive in the woollen towns of Yorkshire and the cotton towns of Lancashire. Many of them came here, to Rochdale.

That was four years ago; quite a short time in the life of a human being, but long enough, perhaps, to permit of some tentative notes on how

these forgotten women are getting on—I say "forgotten" because they have long since vanished from the news columns of the national press, and even local papers are rapidly losing interest.

The official attitude in the matter is curious. If you inquire of the Ministry of Labour how many European Voluntary Workers are at present employed by the cotton industry, you will be told that no answer to such a question is possible; not even the Minister is allowed to quote so dangerous a statistic. The reason is this: "These people have now been here for four years. They have been absorbed by the cotton industry and by the local communities where they have settled. They are now 'assimilated,' and any reference to their numbers must serve merely to draw attention to their existence as a minority. This would be unfair to them . . . an opening of old wounds . . . and so the statistics cannot be disclosed." Fortunately there are other sources of information. The Cotton Board estimates that there are about eight thousand ex-foreign women workers in the industry, and about two thousand men. They include former members and dependants of the Polish Resettlement Corps. This figure of ten thousand operatives constitutes a considerable proportion of an industry with a total labour force of about 315,000. And now, four years later, how are they doing?

The immediate impression of the visitor to these cotton towns is that the Ministry of Labour's phase is exact; these people have been "assimilated." Foreign voices can be heard from one house in a terraced street, and Lancashire voices from the next. The smell of hot-pot mingles with the distinct perfumes of East-European cooking. In the mills themselves, there is already no distinction of dress between the girl from Rochdale and the girl from Riga; they wear the same simple smocks, with the same scarves round their heads. In the canteen they share the same food, whatever they may cook for themselves at home, and in the mill nurseries their children all shriek with Lancashire accents. The local newspapers only mention the "foreigners" when they get married, or die, or commit a crime.

This, however, is not quite the whole story. These people, like their hosts, are human beings who cannot be "assimilated" by a mere word of command, and the longer the visitor remains among them the more he realises that four years is not enough. He soon begins to notice little things: that the foreign girls tend to cluster together at the same tables in the canteen; that the little child with the Lancashire accent speaks another language at home. That, instead of reading English papers, these people prefer to read papers of their own, printed over here in their own languages. In public houses, where tongues are looser, he learns that a degree of resentment still remains, expressed in careless, unjust phrases: "They're a lazy lot," "Living in our houses and taking our jobs"; "Do they consent to mix with us? Not on your life, lad." Careless phrases, as I say, presenting a false picture. But is it more false than the other picture of peaceful "assimilation"?

The British worker's attitude to foreign labour is deep-rooted without being essentially very complicated. It springs from the simple truth that full employment has occupied only a small fraction of the working life of the average man or woman, and the introduction of any new labour force is still seen, however irrationally, as a threat. The "Westward Ho" scheme laid it down that the local native operatives would have priority over the refugees if hard times were ever to return—nevertheless, feelings are deeper than logic, and a degree of restlessness still remains. The increasing threat of Japanese cotton is a continual reminder of the Thirties, "and if some folk here have to lose their jobs, how can we be sure it won't be us instead of these Ukrainians and Lats?" Of course it is hard to be sure, however many promises may be made. But, however much a cotton operative may fear the old bogy of unemployment, there are certain statistics which he knows he cannot ignore: 114,000 cotton workers left the industry during the War, and only 80,000 of them came back. That left a gap of 34,000, only a third of which has so far been filled by foreign labour. The desperate labour shortage of 1946 and 1947 was obvious to everybody up here, underlined as it was by all the devices used by managers to entice married women back to the industry.

The social problem is much deeper. It springs largely from the Lancashire character which, though deeply friendly, is highly suspicious of strangers and tends to treat them as guilty until they can prove themselves innocent. Friendships with Lancashire people are never easy to make, but always very well worth making; to make them quickly is hard enough for an Englishman, and for a foreigner with little or no knowledge of our language is almost impossible. The mills, on the other hand, seem to have been aware both of the necessity for introducing the community to its new citizens, and the urgent need to do it at once, almost by force. There were parties and dances in the autumn and winter of 1947 with this fixed intention, but "far too often," as one Welfare Officer put it, "the Lancashire folk stayed on one side of the floor, and the E.V.W.s stayed on the other, and the twain never met." There have also been prolonged attempts, by means of English classes, to break down the language barrier, but still, four years later, the "Lancashire folk" and the "foreigners" are socially at opposite ends of the floor. The Europeans do not, I am sure, intend to seem aloof, and are deeply grateful for the efforts made to fit them into the local community, but the fact remains that when they go out they do so with each other, to dances or the pictures. In their hostels and lodgings they speak their own languages—I have visited dozens of them in these places, and not once did I find a Lancashire lad or girl with them. When they marry, they do so among themselves; and when they have children they give them names that sound strange in these parts, and speak to them in a language that few people in Lancashire would understand. All this is so open and obvious that now and then one comes across a trace of the resentment I have already mentioned, which is typified by the weaver who said: "We tried, many of us, to get to know 'em, but it's no good. They just don't want us."

There is just enough truth in this accusation to prompt the question: "If these people prefer their own company to that of their Lancashire hosts, if they do in fact appear to be resisting 'assimilation,' why is this?" And the answer to this question takes us from the social problem to the political. The "Westward Ho" refugees initially had to face two serious and fairly widespread political accusations: that they were pro-Nazi anti-Democrats, more interested in the future fight against Communism than the present one for Democracy, and that because many of them refused to be repatriated into what had become Soviet territory they were displaying the worst form of political cowardice. (No Lancashire man, it was argued, would refuse to return home whether his country were occupied or not; he would go home, and stick it out, and fight.)

The observer, doing his best to be objective, cannot escape the conclusion that politics to these people means no more and no less than the fight for the "liberation" of their countries. In their political literature, page after page, is the assumption that war is certain; "In the future war . . ."; "When the next war breaks out . . ."; "The next war will be carried on with all the forces available until the total annihilation of one of the adversaries." It was curiously disturbing to read this in a Lancashire terraced house during the opening weeks of the Sixth Assembly of the United Nations. These are people, it seems, who indeed have a vested interest in a Third World War. And it is ominous that many of them have now been over here long enough to consider taking out naturalisation papers, but hardly any of them have done so. Ask them, and they all give the same reply: "We are grateful to you, of course, but this is not our home. Some day we will really go home." The tragedy is that this attitude is really so human and understandable; they have families and friends to the East of the Iron Curtain.

It may be that, if the forces of peace should prove greater than those of war, these unfortunate people will slowly forget their past, and look instead towards the future of their children, born in Lancashire. But ultimate "assimilation" will probably have to wait for another generation.

Rochdale, December. GEORGE LEATHER

Soil and Socialism

In a recent review of Professor Mitrany's *Marx Against the Peasant*, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor made certain statements concerning the relationship between the peasant and the community which manifested a state of mind common to millions of townsmen and influencing Socialist policy in the countryside. The view he expressed is Marxist: feudalism, said Mr. Taylor, was a system of "humbugging" the peasant out of his produce; capitalism a method of "bribing" him. The more prosperous the peasant, the less inclined he is to sell his food, so the best thing we can do is to liquidate him, and work the land industrially with armies of labourers. If that be impossible, then at least let the towns keep the upper hand—by force, for that is a condition of "the economics of plenty." And anyway peasants hate being peasants . . . the implication here is that they would like to be factory hands.

I believe this view of the peasant and his relationship to the community to be pernicious, ill-founded, archaic and wrong-headed. Mr. Taylor's view of the peasant and food production from land derive from about a century ago, and they ignore all that has happened since then. In 1850, the *Zeitgeist* of progressive thought was industrial: science and industry were to liberate mankind, and the peasant was a brutish conservative, stupidly persisting in a way of life unworthy of the new kind of rational man. This view, taken over bodily by Marxists from the ferocious and merciless Radical industrialists, the real initiators of the "American way," could only be held by men who had never troubled to take a close look at a peasant and his work.

I am not an advocate of smocks, cottage industries, pan-pipes, maypoles or quaint dialects. I am, however, a close, interested, persistent and laborious student of the subject of man's relationship with soil, and his fellow species living on soil. Here I should like to contrast two pictures, that of the peasant and that of the agricultural industrialist. . . Hyperion to a satyr.

A natural soil is a community of matter and species working as a complex of life. Part of the life of a soil—for soil is alive—are the plants growing in it, and the animals living on them. All consume soil, but dying where they live they

return to it the substance of their bodies, lent to them for a lifetime. As some vegetables, some animals require one element rather than another, vegetable and animal species associate together in mutually supporting complementary groups. A soil community is therefore a working, living balanced association of numerous species. If any part of it is thrown out of adjustment, the basis of it all, the soil itself, is threatened, and may die. The peasant does not kill the soil because he substitutes for a natural soil community, an artificial one—tame plants and tame animals for the wild ones, but like the wild ones mutually supporting and all returning, in the end, to the soil. For though the peasant may sell away part of his harvest, he contributes labour to his farm, which the natural soil-community does not receive.

Why does the peasant imitate nature in this way? For two reasons: he is a subsistence farmer, only secondarily interested in cash-crops, and therefore he must grow numerous species because his needs are several, not singular. But there is another reason: the peasant has a soil sense which is, in origin, religious. He knows that he is one of the species which make up the soil community he has created, and is not outside that community: he works not to "conquer" Nature—that is an idiotic notion—but to co-operate with her.

Peasantry means mixed farming; mixed farming means soil conservation and fertility increment. For about five thousand years N.W. Europe has been farmed by peasants, and is to-day more fertile and productive than when it was virgin soil. In less than one thousand years Mediterranean Europe and North Africa were reduced to half-sterile or wholly barren desert by the classical agricultural industrialists, the practitioners of monocultures, by plantation slavery as devised by the Carthaginians, a people with no roots in soil, and imitated by the Romans. Hannibal's revenge was the exhaustion and erosion of Italian soils.

What, now, is an agricultural industrialist, this creature whom Mr. Taylor, like the American capitalists, would put in place of the farmer, the peasant? He is what the gutter press calls a "scientist"—not, that is to say, a philosopher, a Newton or a Goethe, but a sort of shrewd, educated mechanic. For him soil is dead, and damned dirty. But there is a machine for turning the beastly stuff into bread and money . . . it's called wheat. And another . . . the cow. The capitalist, with a whacking great dividend in mind, and the Marxist, with a factory population to feed, are only too glad to take this fellow's word for what he says he can do, and are blissfully ignorant or criminally indifferent to the fact that their "scientist" is sloppily inefficient and wasteful; for, instead of using the natural cycle cleverly to exploit plant life which constantly remakes its own nutrients in humus, he first of all exhausts the existing humus and then has to build and operate huge factories to make artificial fertilisers and distribute them, at enormous expense. The agricultural industrialist, seeing that trees fetch money for wood pulp, and that they get in the way of the plough, cuts them down. A few years later the rainfall becomes unreliable, too little for crops, but that little so torrential that it washes away the soil which can no longer absorb water, because it has no organic matter which can act as a sponge.

The soil might have been all right, even without trees, but the agricultural industrialist, superficially efficient, fundamentally lazy and feckless, has noticed that the paper cost of cultivating a million acres of wheat and a million acres of cotton in single blocks, is less than that of the 10,000 mixed farms which used to occupy those acres. So he has been drawing on one set of nutrients year after year, pouring in millions of tons of expensive artificial fertilisers because he no longer has a live soil but dead dust, a mere mechanical support for his crops, which the first wind blows off the naked rock and into the sea. Sooner or later a real scientist—ten-to-one a professional retired clergyman like Gilbert White, or a poet like Robert Graves, or a novelist like Aldous Huxley—points out cause and effect. Thereupon the Marxist, if he is inside the U.S.S.R. and not a century out of date, plants forests and grass and prepares to wait for nature to restore the cycle; the capitalist says: "What the hell? There's always Amazonia when we've used up our own."

The agricultural industrialist has caused the devastation of about half the available food growing area of the planet. He still refuses to recognise that soil is a consumable commodity, like oil or coal. He is hard at work in the Argentine, in Australia and S. Africa, now: the grass of those rich countries is failing. Since 1920, Argentine has sent, to Britain alone, fifty million head of beef cattle, actual or equivalent. What were those fifty million beasts made of? Argentine grass. And the grass, five hundred million tons of it? Argentine top-soil. What is it all done for? To support urban populations utterly cut off from the source of their life and utterly at the mercy of a precarious industry and trade. It's such an old story. First, the rich Yellow Earth of China ruined by the imposition of urban values; then the even richer tropical soil of Sind reduced to a barren desert by the great city populations of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro . . . . and so following, until the destruction, in less than fifty years, of the great fertile plains of the Middle West, by American capitalist greed and indiscipline; and the lasting shame of the Dust Bowl. Because of the industrialist, the anti-peasant, *man has become a noxious disease organism of life on Earth.*

* * *

Why do farmers and a great number of farm labourers persist in voting Conservative in face of the very bad agricultural record of that party? The "reason" is not rational; it is emotional. It is perfectly clear that Conservatism to-day stands for industrial bossdom, the interests of the F.B.I., but the past, the traditions of the Party are rural, and this lingers. There is, about the Tory, though he be a company director in Manchester who does not know wheat from barley, an air, probably spurious but still effective, of being sympathetic to the rural rather than the urban idea. On the other hand, although the Labour Party may, under pressure of conditions, have done more for the farm-worker and the farmer than the Conservative Party, the countryman senses, under all this, the attitude of Mr. A. J. P. Taylor.

It is time that the Labour Party, in a world of rapidly shrinking food resources, learnt to break free of the preoccupation with an urban, industrial state of mind, and regard agriculture as what it is—very much the most important trade in the world. It is not enough to try to buy the farmer and the farm-worker with high prices and wages. The Labour Party must become the party which gives priority to the land's need for men, not only machines; it must learn to understand the difference between a peasantry and a rural population of proletarians, and, in modern terms, without compromising any of its excellent traditions in the matter of welfare and justice, set about creating a peasantry. Not only will such a policy greatly strengthen the Labour Party, it will prepare British Socialism for its task of finding a new land policy for the world, a policy designed to set right the wrong done by capitalist exploitation of the soil. For it is by no means impossible to find such a policy, and moreover to make it fit the

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social and economic doctrines of Socialism. The thing has been done before, and more than once, for example, in South America, before the Europeans got at it. I recommend Mr. Taylor to read Clements Markham, Garcilasso de la Vega Inca, and Saavedra on the agrarian communism of Incarial Peru. To-day, this is more to the point than Marx.

EDWARD HYAMS

Culture at all Costs

IT was a thirty-mile drive to the village—well over an hour on a winter's night. In the back of the car was an album of gramophone records, a film-strip projector and a portable cinema screen. We were due to give a lecture on "Music and the Ballet" at a rural Community Centre at 7.30 p.m. The lecture had been arranged through the Adult Education Committee, which maintains a kind of pool of qualified speakers on various subjects. We had been chosen for the evening from a list sent out to community associations in the area.

It was dark and sleeting slightly. If it hadn't been for the light in the doorway of the Black Swan we might have driven straight past the village without noticing it, there was so little of it: just a few small buildings strung out in a dotted line by the side of a main road. The Centre, the local organiser had written, stood well back from the road opposite the church, just past the Black Swan; we couldn't miss it. But experience had taught us that village halls are apt to be curiously elusive even in broad daylight, and there were no street lamps. So we stopped an old man on his way into the pub and asked the way.

"B'aint no village hall here," he said sternly. His tone implied that if we were looking for frivolous night life we had come to the wrong place. We began to think we had, for it seemed he had lived in the village man and boy for an impressive number of years and didn't know of any Centre either. He did, however, know the name of the lady who had written to us.

"She be schoolteacher down by Pratt's Farm," he told us. And, come to think of it, he had heard tell as there was some meeting or suchlike down there to-night. Would it be the schoolteacher's place we'd be wanting, may be? We thought it must be and set off in the direction he indicated.

We found it easily enough. That is to say, we found a gate with BEWARE OF THE BLOODHOUNDS painted on it, and nailed to the post a notice board announcing to-night's lecture in blurred red ink. Beyond the gate the car headlights showed what was probably a lane but looked like a river of mud. It was too dark to see if there was a church opposite, but, deciding to risk it, we opened the gate and slithered through.

"I expect," said the lecturer, "they only have that thing about bloodhounds to keep gipsies away." Round the corner, a faint light in the distance gave us courage, and we eventually pulled up near the house from which the light was coming. As far as we could see it was a small bungalow built, apparently, in the middle of a field; but there was a path leading to it from the lane. The lecturer thought we had better make sure we had come to the right place before unloading our equipment and squelched up the path with a pocket torch.

He was back in a few minutes to say yes, this was the Centre, but there was no electricity so we couldn't use the projector. Still, they had got a gramophone and we could manage, he thought, reasonably well with just the records.

The schoolteacher welcomed us into a room so tiny that, even if there had been electricity laid on, it would have been impossible to use the projector and screen. As it was, it seemed already overcrowded with the three members of the audience who had arrived punctually. There were, said our hostess eagerly, several more to come, she hoped.

As the lecturer's assistant, it was my job to work the gramophone. Of ancient vintage, in a case of violent mahogany, it had obviously been brought out and carefully polished specially for the occasion. It stood by itself on a card table at one end of the room. I surreptitiously exchanged the steel needle for a fibre one and hoped for the best.

By now the audience seemed fully mustered. Two spinsters of uncertain age with their knitting, and an extremely old lady who, we were told, was stone deaf, had been there when we first arrived. These were now joined by a startled-looking young man with a too-tight collar and a bad stammer, a girl with a hair-lip and a vacant expression, a pale, lanky child named Len who called the schoolteacher "Mum", and a quiet grey-haired man with a violin case who smelt slightly, but not unpleasantly, of manure.

Somehow they all managed to squeeze in and sat facing the lecturer who stood wedged against the upright piano. At the last moment a large cheerful woman in an overall and mob cap rushed in full of apologies. She had, she explained, come straight from laying out poor old Mr. ——— and had only just managed to finish him in time for the lecture.

The lecturer takes considerable pains to adapt his talk to his audiences. But without the film-strips it wasn't easy to describe the differences between modern and classical ballet to a group of people who had scarcely heard of Helpmann or Pavlova and thought Nijinsky was a Russian spy. The familiar glazed look of polite incomprehension was detectable quite early on. As for the gramophone, there was something dreadfully wrong with the sound box. Nobody, however, appeared to be worried by this; in fact, by the time I had played through two sides of the Nutcracker Suite several members of the audience were comfortably nodding off. Only the quiet grey-haired man began to look increasingly unhappy. He kept glancing at the lecturer in a way that reminded me of a starving dog begging for a tit-bit. I wished, very much, that someone would lend Len a handkerchief.

The second part of the talk was about musical appreciation. "Of course," said the lecturer, warming to his subject, "the greatest boon to music lovers living in country districts is the radio. I don't suppose there is any one of you here to-night who hasn't got a radio set at home, is there?"

There was a little silence and the schoolteacher cleared her throat. "Well," she said, "some of us *have* got battery sets. But you know how it is—the battery does run so, and it's a long way into the nearest town to change it. Generally we just have it on for the news." She smiled apologetically for them all and then added brightly: "But some of us belong to the choir and Len, here, is learning the pianoforte, aren't you Len?"

There was another quarter of an hour to go. The lecturer is a conscientious man, and he went on to the end. He said how encouraging it was these days to find musically-minded people even in the smallest villages; and he urged his audience to take every opportunity of attending orchestral concerts and to visit Covent Garden in order to see the ballet at its best. We finished with the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth on the gramophone, which had now developed a curious clucking noise in the mechanism and finally broke down altogether during the last record. Only the grey-haired man recognised the symphony. When he realised that the lecture was over, he looked as if he had been hit on the head with a blunt instrument.

He was the only member of the audience who knew or understood anything at all about music, and I think he had come here to-night hoping for some kind of miracle. He told us, suddenly, that he had spent most of his life trying to teach himself to play the violin. Did the lecturer think . . . ? But he never finished what he wanted to say; for by this time the schoolteacher was asking if we liked fish paste or lemon curd and did we take sugar in our tea.

This, clearly, was the focal point of the evening when everyone could relax and begin to enjoy themselves. And afterwards, the schoolteacher wondered, could they possibly persuade the lecturer to play the piano for a little singing to round off the evening? He played them what they asked for—songs like *Annie Laurie*, *Drink To Me Only* and *The Londonderry Air*. The piano was wildly out of tune, but they made a lot of happy noise and you could tell which of them belonged to the choir by the way they hung on to the high notes. The grey-haired man picked up his violin case and edged quietly out of the room. Nobody noticed him go.

Before we left the schoolteacher told us that the week before they had had a lecture on philosophy. "We couldn't," she said, "quite follow all of it, but we always enjoy our lecture evenings so much. They make something to look forward to."

It was wet and cold when we climbed back into the car and started on the journey back to town. The lecturer blew on his hands to warm them. "It's wonderful," he remarked, "what a difference the Adult Education scheme is making to the lives of people like that."

He is a simple and a kindly man. For a small fee he and others like him travel all over the countryside wherever and whenever they are asked to go. The audiences vary in numbers and intelligent appreciation; the one we had just left had been under average in both, but not very much. The lecture, the last of the season, had, in fees and travelling expenses, cost the Ministry of Education the best part of five pounds. No doubt, as the schoolteacher said, it "made something to look forward to."

NANCY SALKELD

NOVEMBER

"But these terrors are for Advent; in November it is not thus we think about our dead." Monsignor R. A. Knox in the *Sunday Times* for Armistice Day 1951.

Home they brought her sinner dead;
Unrepentant and unshriven
He had died; her Church had said:
"Sins like his are not forgiven."

Horror sat with her; and she
Knew that, since her man might never
From his torment ransomed be,
Horror would be hers for ever.

Spoke a priest of high degree:
"Courage, child! This is November;
Terrors for your damned will be
Seasonable in December."

L. E. J.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The article entitled "Kids' Stuff" which appeared in our last week's issue, carried, we regret to say, no acknowledgment of its large indebtedness to a monograph entitled *Love and Death* by G. Legman, published by Breaking Point, New York, 1949.

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The Arts and Entertainment

PERIOD CHARMS

It is curious for anyone who remembers the theatre between the wars to be going now to a Coward play and not to be treating it as one of the most exciting events of the theatrical year. In the days when he was a power Mr. Coward wrote out of a vivid and immediate response to the surface of life as it was at the moment: he caught the exact feel and rhythm of that surface life, distilled its essence and bottled it in three or four comedies which still keep the scent very strong. But in the years of crisis he seemed to have been left behind in a vacuum created by his own success. The tide ebbed and there he was, out of his element, gasping and protesting, but without the ability to turn his protests into anything more than fits of spite or that easy sentimentality which is the obverse side of his talent. One has sometimes felt of him (as one has of Mr. Priestley): if only he would give his spleen a good free run, how exciting the result might be.

His new play, *Relative Values*, at the Savoy, doesn't do anything of that kind. It is an exercise, fitfully successful, in an old comedy manner. Even Mr. Coward in his earlier days wouldn't have opened his play with the butler (sapient and long-worded) and the 'tweeny (semi-moronic) putting us in possession of the facts of life among their Betters. But by now this gambit is old enough to have a certain period charm. Period charm, in fact, one realises to one's surprise, is the most we may hope to get from this new comedy by a writer who seized his success by being up to the very minute. The Earl of Marshwood is bringing back to Marshwood House, as his intended bride, a vulgar Hollywood star, and the main story is of how, all too easily, the dowager countess, who is the main character, deflects him with the help of her personal maid and the sage advice of the butler. Not really, you see, the Coward world at all: much more the territory inhabited at one end by P. G. Wodehouse and at the other by Frederick Lonsdale.

There is one good situation, but it takes the whole of the first act to prepare it. The countess's personal maid is, in fact, the Hollywood star's elder sister, and for the occasion of the arrival she is dressed up as a friend of the family. This disguise deceives the star, who proceeds to give the assembled house party a highly seasoned picture of her slum childhood, of a mother who died young and a sister gone to the bad. This amusing situation only takes up one scene of the middle act, and not very much resource has gone to winding the business up through an act and a half.

A large number of funny lines and two excellent performances carry the evening along in a pleasant amble. Miss Gladys Cooper, with a beautiful sense of timing and inflection and great vitality, dominates the play; while Miss Angela Baddeley disguises herself brilliantly both as the lady's maid and the "guest." And a good cast carry out the rest of the old-fashioned routines.

Mr. Tennessee Williams is the up-to-the-minute thing now, but it is unfair to judge him by *Summer and Smoke* now to be seen at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The play was a failure in America, though I must say I don't quite see why. The sexy, potted biography of a frustrated Southern spinster (a pre-sketch for Blanche in *A Streetcar*) seems to me to have all the elements of the worst kind of best-seller. A reverent production by Peter Glenville, a brilliant virtuoso display in the long main part by Miss Margaret Johnston, and interesting sets imitated from the new American skeletal school by Mr. Reece Pemberton—all these do their best to deceive us into taking it for a haunting little Chekhovian masterpiece, when it is nothing of the sort. It is a collection of stock melodramatic situations given unimportant characteristic twists. Mr. Tennessee Williams is as slick as John van Druten at building up a succession of little haunting scenes that bring a catch to the throat. On top he sprinkles some stark herbs and a few properties from his private madhouse. But they don't prevent this play seeming very old-fashioned, too: though for me this period charm fails to work.

T. C. Worsley

BILLY BUDD—II

Throughout a long evening, the immediate theatrical effectiveness of *Billy Budd* was never in doubt. The libretto, though marred by a central fault, is a shapely piece of work in detail; and the composer, besides writing a good deal of fine music, shows his old unfailing skill in establishing and sustaining atmosphere. This was a man-of-war, surrounded (if the stage picture had not contradicted our belief) by sky and sea; these were sailors, not a male voice chorus; most important of all, this was Billy Budd himself, the "sweet, pleasant fellow" of Melville's imagination, translated simply and unerringly into the language of music. The audience was gripped, surprised, stirred; at moments deeply moved. No scene quite lacks the impress of genius; and one whole act—the second—strikes me as a masterpiece of dramatic veracity going hand in hand with musical beauty. No question: *Billy Budd* will be widely performed, and later performances may reveal qualities now obscured. Yet I must confess that the opera as a whole does not quite fulfil the hopes I had built on it; with all its brilliance and fascination, it falls some way short of success as an integral work of art.

Whence comes this feeling of dissatisfaction? Partly, I believe, from the dramatic and musical treatment of Captain Vere. With some justification in Melville, composer and librettists have attempted to place Vere at the centre of the action; and in the process they have turned him from credible naval officer into moralising lay preacher. He is most alive in the beautiful scene in which he sits reading Plutarch in his cabin; and there is a welcome flash of vigour at "John Claggart, beware!" with its slashing D major chords and rhythmically decisive vocal line. Elsewhere we find it hard to recognise in Vere the idolised leader, the man of action. When he addresses the crew at the end of Act I, his part is marked *eroico*, but there is really nothing very inspiring or heroic in his music here; it shows, in fact, a slight family resemblance to the patriotic speech of Lady Billows at Loxford May Day. Nor does the big aria after the court martial, "I accept their verdict," make much impact. At that point, our sympathy has been expended on Budd, and we have little left over for Vere; he has done his disagreeable duty according to his principles, and that is that. The situation is hard to sum up in an aria, and it is not surprising that Britten should have fallen back on an arioso-recitative vocal line, punctuated by sharp, isolated chords from the muted trumpets, a familiar pattern in his work. What is really fine, moving and original in this scene is its conclusion: the thirty-four plain triads, distantly related but converging towards F major, scored and spaced in every kind of colour and position, which accompany the interview between Budd and his Captain behind a closed door; the mysterious sequence slowly passes from conflict and agony of mind to acceptance and reconciliation. As the curtain falls on a still empty stage the point is made more explicit by the appearance of the six-eight cradle-song rhythm which has been heard before, and is to be heard again at the beginning of Act IV as the accompaniment to Billy's farewell ballad.

That haunting ballad, about which I wrote last week, emphasises by its heartfelt beauty the relative bareness of some other parts of the score. Too often—and this is the second cause of our disappointment—the music seems to lack either melodic or symphonic continuity. Sometimes, no doubt, this is an illusion caused by unfamiliarity; but page after page consists of recitative, or quasi-recitative, accompanied only by a series of brilliant orchestral gestures. Even in the interludes the composer shows a curious unwillingness to use the full orchestra, as he did so effectively in *Peter Grimes*. True, operatic music must needs be dramatic, and these bare passages can be of value in advancing the action or creating tension. But they should surely be rationed. The greatest composers of opera are those who have learnt the secret of dissolving action in music; those who can afford to give the music its head without loss of dramatic tension. If we doubt the truth of this, we need only think of the supreme masters at their greatest—of Mozart pouring the full flood of his inventiveness into the intrigues of *Figaro*, of Wagner counterpointing and exfoliating to his heart's content during the assembly of the Mastersingers, of Verdi elaborating the immense finale to the third act of *Otello*. Britten possesses a rich fund of lyrical invention; like his own Billy Budd, he "can sing"—none better in our day: think only of the *Ceremony of Carols* or the *Serenade* or the *Spring Symphony*. But at times a strange constraint hampers his lyricism. It seems a kind of shyness or pride, this obstinate refusal to make mere "music," in the disparaging sense in which the French speak of "*littérature*."

When impediments are forgotten, how strong and self-reliant is the invention of this composer! There are plenty of examples in *Billy Budd*, enough to repay many visits. The iniquity of Claggart is treated with considerable amplitude. The abortive battle, in Act III, is a finely constructed and extended piece of choral writing. Best of all is the transition, in Act II, from Vere's cabin to the lower deck against a background of sea-shanties; one of many successful examples of polytonality in the score; indeed, the whole of this night scene is of the rarest beauty. It ends with a duet for Billy and old Dansker which catches precisely, on the unlikely technical basis of a chaconne, the exuberant simplicity of the one and the wry, shrewd affection of the other. If the whole opera were on this level it could indeed be called a masterpiece.

The performance, directed under difficult circumstances by the composer himself, went very well. The strings played with rich, vibrant tone, but Britten's scoring demands more accurate and more brilliant trumpeting. John Piper's sets are beautiful and ingenious in their use of the bare skeleton of a ship's architecture to suggest the whole; but the perpetually black surroundings place a needless strain on imagination and eye. Basil Coleman produced with ease and assurance, and was particularly successful in the night scene on the lower deck; but he must persuade Theodor Uppman, his Billy Budd, to keep more still and to moderate his winning smile. In all other respects Mr. Uppman made an almost ideal protagonist, both looking the part and singing with a forward, easy tone well projected into the theatre; this was certainly a lucky find. Frederick Dalberg was an impressive Claggart, and will be better still if he can improve his enunciation and focus his tone more sharply on the note. Peter Pears lent all his personal and musical distinction to the difficult role of Captain Vere, but could not supply, by sheer volume or brilliance of tone, the heroic quality which it seemed to lack. Among the minor parts, William McAlpine as the Novice, Inia te Wiata as Dansker, and Hervey Alan as Mr. Redburn were outstanding.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

THE MOVIES

"Miss Julie," at the Rialto
"Fabiola," at the London Pavilion

"Frenzy" was the note with which the Swedish director, Alf Sjorberg, caught Londoners, and it is a surprise that now, tackling Strindberg, he should avail himself so little of it. His *Miss Julie*—it is his, we shall see, rather than Strindberg's—makes a pleasing enough film. Why, what a charming park! And it's festival time. Midsummer Eve, dancing in the barn, lovers beside the lake or under a statue, a rolling drunk in the rolling nineteenth-century parkland. Look,

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NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

The sea decides the price of fish

It can happen that 500 tons of fish are landed at a port on one day and an average of only 250 tons a day for the next week. In no other industry are there such unpredictable fluctuations in supply, for all depends upon the mood and temper of the sea. From a glut to a shortage is but a day's march for there is no hope of using today's big landings to supplement the meagre catches of tomorrow. Fish can't be kept waiting.

Violent fluctuations in landings make it impossible for prices to remain stable. The same variety and quality of fish that sells for 1/- lb. on the quayside on Tuesday may well fetch 1/6 on Wednesday. This variation is inevitably reflected on the fishmonger's price tickets, to the confusion of the housewife, who does not realise that the sea alone decides the price of fish from day to day.

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leaves with the sun shining through. (Isn't it, though, rather high?) And along the avenue, while the music breaks into a jingly trit-trot, and the camera prepares its long following sweep, comes a trim phaeton—the valet, a bit late on the scene, but after all this isn't Strindberg but Strindberg motion-picturised.

How *he* would have loathed it! To have taken this, his first harsh blow in the battle for realism, the most tightly coiled of all his plays, with the bite of the rat-trap waiting for its murderous moment, and unspring it, uncoil the tension, mollify the blow—leaving us with what? An ill-matched pair, who worm their way into our sympathies at the expense of drama and common sense. These neurotic lovers give us far too much time for reflection, and so little wildness is there in their fling that they sit down to plan the hotel in Switzerland like any hopefully hitched couple with a nest-egg. Moments from their childhood sail into view; the weaknesses on both sides are exemplified, pointed to; family history, the Midsummer revels, the spy at the window, the empty halls with their paintings in the big house are all interposed between us and what should be clinched tragedy. With so much dilution, the essence is lost. To take merely two points. We can be told on the stage (without receiving the news with a grin), that the Countess had ruined the estate by setting women to do men's work and men women's; but to see it with our own eyes is another matter. This is a failure common to translators from one language or medium to another: not knowing always what will go. And what is the most strikingly dramatic moment of the whole play? That in which the man-servant finds himself powerless before the boots of an unseen master; the bell rings, his subjection is terrible. The effect of this is totally lost in the film because the Count, a weak, amiable man, has been one of the chief subsidiary characters, on whom the camera has wasted its time. Strindberg in fact concentrated on to the stage with a purpose, and that purpose has been agreeably but detrimentally unravelled on the screen.

That despite these capital failures quite a good film emerges from Sjoberg's treatment, I would not for a moment deny. If you've never seen *Miss Julie* in the theatre or read the text, the version now on show at the Rialto has much in it: favour: good acting (especially from the principals, Anita Bjork and Ulf Palme), sensitive photography, and an embroilment far above the average. But the test in such a case is not whether a passably good film has resulted, but whether it does justice to Strindberg.

Fabiola, an Italian mammoth production, tries to recover the days of ancient Rome, and succeeds for a moment in its savage spectacle of the arena. The rest is a jumble of Cardinal Wiseman, horses galloping along the shore, Michele Morgan, Saint Sebastian, acting to tableau, badly dubbed English voices, and a commentary to bridge over the cuts. Poor Michel Simon has to wrestle with a gladiator and bellow a secret plot into his ear before an admiring audience. Rarely has he looked more unhappy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE special forms of guilt and Angst suffered by critics must, I suppose, have their counterpart in other trades. Were I a playwright, actor or producer, I should be haunted in the cold hours of the night by my share in one thing: the dramatic représentation of real people. Radio at least avoids the visual perils, but it does retain the words. This week I have listened on the air to Hazlitt, Tolstoi, and King John, and, as it happens, with interest and even pleasure. It should not be impossible to see why.

The Moth and the Star, a dramatised version of Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, had in the first place the advantage of needing no rewriting. This extraordinary work, the record of Hazlitt's passion for the lodging-house girl Sarah Walker, is already arranged in dialogue form with a few letters as conclusion—admirable radio material just as it stands, and with a terse quality French rather than English. I have never been able to share in the general derogatory criticism of Hazlitt, either for the episode or for the book which describes it. Even the essayist in the *Radio Times* refers to the affair as "sorry, sordid, mawkish," and describes the *Liber Amoris* as "a book which it is difficult to read without blushing." The spoken words belied the comment. The restless irate veracity of Eric Portman's Hazlitt implied disaster more than mawkishness. The baffling, thin, dispassionate personality of Sarah Walker, the pale girl with the gliding, snake-like walk, was evoked not only by Jeannette Tregarthen's voice but by John Buckland's unobtrusive music. Both were expressions of E. J. King Bull's restrained production.

No Heaven for Me was a play (by Cynthia Asquith) about the last days of Tolstoi—episodic as drama, but again based closely enough on the original material to carry conviction. One token of its honesty was that—as always in this dismaying story—we found the two chief figures as exasperating to us as they were to each other, while at the same time our sympathies were doubly and painfully held. Felix Aylmer, who can hardly go wrong in such parts, *was* the tired old man, dominated by his disciples, and longing for peace. But am I right in thinking Sophie's voice, in spite of the well-sustained hysteria, too young, too English, too charming? Sometimes the ear is better pleased by a little age, a little roughness. I am unable to comment on the historical facts of *New Judgment on King John* (a fascinating programme), but found myself swept along by the skill of its writing (by Edward Miller) and the brisk elegance of its production (by Nesta Pain); while Roger Livesey infused into the bad King a cynical life, without moving him too far outside his century, or into our sympathies.

A programme two or three weeks ago on "Poverty and Rice in South-east Asia" led me to one of the most interesting of the present current Home Service projects—a series of discussions on South-east Asian problems entitled *News from Asia*. The presentation is original; it invites and holds attention. The programmes open with eye-witness reports by Ritchie Calder; these serve as a text for the two experts who discuss the week's theme, from the social, economic or geographical angle. The general alertness of production deserves particular praise: it is an important factor in programmes of information involving, often, non-professional speakers.

Finally, briefer tributes to the beautiful singing (by Martin Boddey) of some sixteenth-century songs in a *Music Magazine* account of "The Black-Letter Ballad," given by Diana Poulton; and to the reading of the Woman's Hour serial, *The House in Paris*. Miss Patience Collier, whose reading of *Villette* on this programme a year or two ago I still remember, has not only a voice of great pleasantness but an unusual dramatic range; there seems to be no kind of character whom she cannot sympathetically impersonate. This is a different thing from mimicry, and a much rarer gift.

NAOMI LEWIS

Various Exhibitions

Most of Miss Stella Steyn's paintings (Leicester Galleries) are formalised, rather Byzantine portraits of women or nudes. After thinking them charming and then superficial, one begins to notice their subtlety. Within the rigid plan of their formalisations there is nearly always a tentative, fluent movement; underneath their unreal, archaic charm there is a real dignity and an odd quality of sensuous comfort. There is, however, nothing naive about the way they are painted; the use of colour and form is deceptively skilful. Miss Steyn is obviously a very limited artist but within those limits her work seems to me to be genuine. Ranjit Fernando, a young painter from Ceylon, is showing at the Montage Gallery in James Street. The exhibition is interesting because it contains one or two very sensitive landscapes and be-

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cause it gives us some idea of what is being done in Ceylon under the influence of Keyt, an important Singalese painter whose work we should have seen in this country a long time ago. At the Apollinaire Gallery there are some well-made sculptural devices by Hamish Macpherson. None of them is profound but some are witty. At Wildenstein's there are some paintings by the Frenchman Brianchon. The politeness of their subject matter is nicely balanced by their monstrous debasement of the discoveries of Bonnard and Matisse. J. B.

John Craxton, at the Leicester Galleries

It is worth remembering the axiom that finally the quality of a painting depends upon the quality of the experience behind it; that the value of a generalisation—and most modern paintings are generalisations—depends upon the intensity with which actual particulars have been understood. Finally, the difference between Craxton's good and bad pictures has little to do with his firm draughtsmanship, his energy or his considerable ability to adapt and manipulate the formalised images he has accepted from Paris; rather, it is a question of whether a subject really moved him or merely attracted him; of whether his imaginative intensity enabled him to identify himself with his subject—most of these paintings are of Greece—or whether he remained a tripper delighted by picturesque quaintness. One of the two large paintings (*Four Figures in a Mountain Landscape*) illustrates what I mean. On the left, the figure of a climber has really been *felt* and consequently the formalisations appear to be the result of a tension between what the eye saw and the imagination knew. On the right, the figure of a man milking a goat has not been felt; consequently the formalisations seem tailor-made and the general effect is of a boy from the Greek number in a musical comedy. The best pictures are of sailors dancing. It may be that Craxton's own connexions with ballet have awakened his sensibility to such subject matter, but, whatever the reason, these pictures are tense, alive and the best that he has painted up to date. J. B.

Correspondence

THE TWILIGHT OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—The realistic statements by Dr. Joad and the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood will be very welcome by many Church supporters.

As one who has been ordained for over twenty-one years, and prior to Ordination spent seven years in finance may I be allowed to give my reactions?

For some years I have held that a part-time ministry, selected from all groups of our society, would go a long way to solve the Church's problems.

Some years ago a living fell vacant of which a peer was patron. He received over five hundred applications, since the district provided excellent educational facilities. The patronage was handed over to the Bishop, who immediately appointed a young man without children. At the Induction the Bishop said:—"Lord 'X' has kindly handed over to me the patronage, I have appointed to the vacancy a son of one of my colleagues on the Bench."

I have been offered a number of benefices, but with the stipulation, "You must have private means." One patron insisted that I must have at least £200 p.a. to keep up the Rectory garden. The man appointed was the retired head master of a Public School, ordained in 1904, although the parishioners had asked for a young man.

Preferment goes in the majority of cases to those who have been born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or have made a successful marriage from the moneyed classes. About fifteen years ago, one of my contemporaries, a penniless curate, married a girl of extremely wealthy parents. My former vicar cynically said, "His career is made, Bishops will eat out of his hands." Looking at the man's position to-day, I can only say that these words have proved only too true.

I am Vice-Chairman of the Governors of three Senior Modern Schools, and on the appointments committee. No one ever thinks of asking candidates if they have private means. Why should the Clergy be subject to such humiliation?

An acquaintance of mine was on the short list for a Bishopric. He was only asked this one question. As his answer was in the negative he failed to hit the bull's eye. Thus the power of filthy lucre runs from the top to the bottom of the whole system, in consequence of which the Christian ethic in the economic and practical sphere has been inverted. The financial yard-stick is the chief measuring-rod used by patrons. It was the one that was completely rejected by the Founder of the Church.

A great influx of men into the depleted ranks of the Clergy would cause no small embarrassment, since it would be impossible to pay them adequately. Dozens of parishes with large populations are without curates. They are unfortunately without financial means to pay them.

Only in a very few cases does the pay of the Clergy correspond with their work and responsibility; e.g., a young man, probably fifteen years my junior, was appointed to his second benefice two years ago with a net income of £680 p.a. and population of 300. Lately he declined the offer of a parish of £500 p.a. net with a population of 15,000.

Unfortunately there is no compulsory retiring age for Clergy nor adequate pension, but contributions to the pension fund are obligatory. Hence old Clergy must continue in office for years after they have ceased to serve any useful purpose. Their parishes are dead.

Often Clergy, who have lost the support of their parishioners, contribute liberally to Church Funds from their private purse in order to avoid a financial crisis.

In the business world where a firm has suffered heavy financial losses, like the Church during the last twenty years, the first to take a reduction in salaries are the directors with large fees. The ordinary worker does not suffer, unless he is dismissed. Not so with the Church. The Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Residentiary Canons have not suffered financially. Their incomes are the first claim upon the resources of the Church Commissioners. The Parochial Clergy have borne the whole brunt, and that very unevenly distributed.

Men of high intelligence, integrity, and with a prophetic vision will not be prepared to dedicate themselves to the service of a church largely controlled by class privilege and finance.

Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex. F. S. W. SIMPSON

SIR,—May I ask what Dr. Joad and your correspondent mean by the "civilisation" that the Church saved in the "Dark Ages"? Did they never hear about the great Arab culture without which we would probably not know anything about ancient Greece? Where does the word "chemistry" come from? Who named the most important stars? Who made Spain and Portugal the richest countries on the globe until they were impoverished through the expulsion of the Arab craftsmen and Jewish merchants? What about Arab architecture and literature from Spain to India?

If there had not been a really extremely rich culture between the slaughtering of the Saxons by the Christian emperor Charlemagne and the burning of heretics by Torquemada, our knowledge about the ancient world might be confined to the discovery of ruins by such men as Winckelmann and Schliemann who did not work *ad majorem dei gloriam* either.

176 Taylor Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. LEWIS W. BRANDT

MARKET GARDENING

SIR,—Mrs. Castle's article in your last issue is enough to make any small-holder weep with despair. If every politician and economist could be made to spend only three months on the land there would be a great deal less nonsense spoken and written, and Whitehall statistics would be regarded with less veneration.

No small grower of quality top fruit can hope to break even for at least five years from planting, more probably seven or eight, and then only if he is prepared to work harder and for more hours (for no wage, salary or dividend) than any trade unionist would tolerate.

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Now that agricultural and horticultural workers are receiving fair, though by no means over generous wages, and in view of the heavy cost of essential materials and tools, it is quite impossible to produce quality top and soft fruits cheaply, even if the owner gives his own "sweated" labour.

If present trends continue, many more smallholders will go bankrupt, many fertile acres will go out of production, and more dollars, francs, guilders, lire and what have you will have to be spent on importing fruit and vegetables—if we can still get them, and if we can raise the foreign exchange. The case of exporting tinplate at the expense of English canners, and re-importing it full of foreign fruit is still fresh in the memory, and is only one of such examples of trading lunacy! M. MILSOM

Tidmarsh, Berks.

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—I do not think that Mr. Moss Murray quite grasped the point of the argument in which I engaged Dr. Balogh. The issue was not whether the outbreak of the Korean War and subsequent world economic developments have made things more difficult for this country. Of course they have, and Mr. Murray puts your space to no more valuable purpose than that of knocking out imaginary opponents by discussing this.

What was in dispute was whether, to quote Dr. Balogh's original letter, "the over-loading of the economy converted the export surplus of well over £400m. p.a. in the fourth quarter of last year into a deficit of some £800m. at present." I thought Dr. Balogh reached this conclusion on an inadequate presentation of the facts. Mr. Murray at least does not fall into this error. He presents no facts of his own, and controverts those of no one else.

It is consequently a relief to return to the serious arguments of Dr. Balogh. He makes three main points. He suggests that my estimate of a foreign deficit £200m. worse than was anticipated is too low. So it is, but not for the reason he gives. You, Sir, unfortunately printed my £300m. as £200m., but by the former figure I stand. I think that the outturn for 1951 will be a deficit of £450m., as against an estimate of £150m. in the *Economic Survey*; and that these figures are a far fairer basis of comparison than the third quarter figures on which Dr. Balogh wishes to rest his case. The very high October export figures for engineering goods (just that part of the field where one would expect re-armament to have most effect) should make Dr. Balogh aware of the dangers of arguing from too narrow a base.

He next suggests that, whatever may have happened in money terms, the *volume* of exports has fallen substantially short of the *Economic Survey*'s estimate. This is just not so. The *Survey* estimated that we should earn £550m. more from exports in 1951 than in 1950, made up of a 19 per cent. increase in prices and a 4½ per cent. increase in volume. To the end of October the increase in volume over the corresponding period of 1950 was almost exactly 5 per cent.

Dr. Balogh's third point is that the increase in both the price and volume of our imports cannot be divorced from *British* re-armament. I do not deny that there may be some marginal connection, but I cannot attach much weight to this, and I doubt if Dr. Balogh does so either. It is very difficult to believe that an increase in import volume due largely (apart from stockpiling, which would also have been necessary for a £3,600m. programme, and which was, I think, generally supported) to greater expenditure or consumer goods and foodstuffs is substantially a result of re-armament. It is still more difficult to believe that British Defence orders, stemming from a programme which was only given general shape in February, can have had any appreciable influence on an import price inflation which reached its peak in June and has since been on the decline.

On the other hand I agree with Dr. Balogh that the "bonfire of controls" and other associated policies may well have been premature, partly because our balance of payments problem is far more intractable than appeared to be the case in the false dawn of 1950. Almost any change in world conditions throws us back into difficulties. That is why this controversy, even though it is largely about past predictions, is important. The simple but false view that our present balance of payment difficulties are due to our own re-armament leads to the equally simple and false corollary that they can be automatically cured by an unilateral scaling-down of the programme. That is not so. The cure may certainly involve a re-casting of the burden, but it will involve other measures too, and need the full co-operation of other nations. ROY JENKINS

House of Commons, S.W.1.

CAUSE OF THE CRISIS

SIR,—Frank Byers complains that you tend "to play up the shortcomings of the United States and to play down the shortcomings of the Soviet Union," and points out that the correct attitude is a balanced one which apportions blame where it is due.

He is no doubt afraid that those who read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will perhaps run away with the dangerous idea that the East also has a point of view; that Western policy is not necessarily always right.

But he must realise he has no major cause for alarm when he remembers that for every reader of your biased journal there are hundreds whose sole source of information is all those other daily and weekly papers and journals in whose editorials, articles and news items this "balanced attitude" is so startlingly evident. COLIN T. SMITH

39 Heather View Road,
Parkstone, Dorset.

NO CONVICTION

SIR,—There is an aspect of the Justice of the Peace Act, 1360, to which Critic does not refer in his current "London Diary," but which makes it even more desirable that his suggestion about a private Member's Bill should be adopted.

In 1947 X was charged under the Act with having eavesdropped by watching from his office window chorus girls change near an uncurtained window in their theatre dressing-room on the other side of the street. X, who had been working late, denied the charge. The magistrate, having heard the evidence, struck the words "by eavesdropping" out of the charge, and said: "I find him to be a person of good fame but who has acted in a manner whereby the peace is blemished." He then bound him over for twelve months, and X appealed to quarter sessions. The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police then moved for an order of prohibition addressed to the appeals committee forbidding them from hearing the appeal. The Divisional Court granted the order sought on the grounds that there had been no conviction. (See *The King v. County of London Quarter Sessions Appeals Committee*, 1947 1 K.B. 670.) The Lord Chief Justice said: "In my opinion the Act of Edward III does not create any offence at all."

It would thus appear that not only are the words of the statute "to the intent that the people be not by such tioters or rebels troubled nor endamaged, nor the peace blemished" capable of a variety of surprising interpretations, but that no appeal is open on the facts. JAMES H. S. ELLIOTT

1 Essex Court,
Temple, E.C.4.

ELECTRIC LAMP MONOPOLY

SIR,—Until recently I had some connection with valve manufacture, and in particular my job was to improve and increase the reliability of valves (this in itself makes nonsense of the implications of S. V. J.'s letter). Let me say this: before the war there were no television sets worth speaking of. Most of the sound receivers were of the 4-valve type. Let us assume that the average replacement rate was about one valve in two years. A modern television set has about 25 valves, hence replacement rate should be six valves in two years. Add to it the cost of the picture tube (£10-£15) whose life average is two to three years, and you easily get a yearly replacement cost of £6 as against pre-war five shillings.

Let me also add that heaters are not the most com-

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Among the places where good lighting is most vital are those in which the very young forgather, such as the home and the school, for at that age the eyes are not fully mature and are less able to resist the damage that may be done by wrongly applied artificial lighting.

It is interesting to note that last year in France the use of fluorescent lighting in schools was prohibited.

The fitting illustrated is just one example of a simple application of the G.V.D. SYSTEM. This fitting could light a room perfectly up to about 300 square feet in area and up to about 9ft. 6in. high, at a cost of only £7 10s., and the larger size will light up to 500 or 600 square feet at the low cost of £12, enabling you to sit in perfect comfort in any corner of the room. This fitting would make a most acceptable Christmas present.

The following are a few of the well-known concerns who are users of the G.V.D. LIGHTING SYSTEM:—

War Office; Ministry of Works; Air Ministry; London County Council; Civil Service National Whitley Council; National Dock Labour Board; London Chamber of Commerce; Savoy Chapel; Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd.; Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd.; Regent Oil Co. Ltd.; De Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd.; D. Napier and Son Ltd.; Leyland Motors Ltd.; Express Dairy Co. Ltd.; Liverpool University; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Ridley Hall, Cambridge; Cheltenham College; Hereford Cathedral School; the new Birkbeck College; Cerebos Ltd.; Shipbuilding Conference; Spirella House; W. H. Jones and Co. (London) Ltd.; Wallboard Merchants' Association of the U.K.; Millers' Timber Trust Co. Ltd.; English-Speaking Union; Faber and Faber Ltd.; Cope's Taverns Ltd.; Coal Utilisation Joint Council; and all branches of the London Health Centre Ltd.

G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS 29b Torrington Square, LONDON, W.C.1
Telephone: - - - MUSeum 1857

mon source of failure, that most of the valves in this country are made by the same firm which makes most of the German valves, that valve failure rates of American valves are identical, if not worse, than those of British valves, and finally that nowadays the greatest market for valves is rapidly shifting from the general public to industry and transport where long life and reliability are essential.

The price of valves and their quality are often a function of numbers. In America there are several manufacturers, each of whom make more valves than the total British output. That allows them to produce more valves of each type, hence lower prices if not higher quality.

11 Kensington Gate, Glasgow, W.2. M. H. N. POTOK

SIR,—That the burning life of the average British domestic incandescent lamp is considerably shorter than it was pre-war, is a fact which, no doubt, the manufacturers would deny, but which the janitor or maintenance engineer of any large block of flats or offices will readily confirm.

An effective means, however, of overcoming the inconvenience and expense of replacing burned out bulbs is to "under-run" them. In other words, to use a lamp of a higher voltage and a correspondingly higher wattage. For example, a lamp intended for use on a supply of 230/250 volts, and with a wattage of 75 watts, will, on a voltage supply of 210/230 volts, give an illumination approximating to a 40-watt bulb.

The life of a bulb used in this manner is considerably lengthened.

73, Gilling Court, Belsize Grove, N.W.3. KEN HUGHES

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

SIR,—Reviewing "The Red Badge of Courage" Mr. Whitebait brings to our notice the deplorable treatment which is dealt out to so many films of genuine artistic merit, presumably because those responsible for their distribution think that they would not be appreciated by the general public. This refusal to tolerate anything beside the well-tried commercial formula is becoming increasingly prevalent. It affected Clarence Brown with "Intruder in the Dust," Fred Zinneman with "The Search" and "The Men," Nicholas Ray with "They Live by Night"; it almost affected Milestone with "A Walk in the Sun," and Bernard Miles with "Chance of a Lifetime."

The forces of big business must be formidable to the cinema artist who has something to say, for the denial of a wide-circuit booking must usually mean a loss on capital outlay. Those of us who believe in the film as an art form have our faith severely tested as it is, without these additional deterrents. Is an independently controlled fourth circuit, Arts Council backed, too much a thing of the future?

35 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead. J. G. FISHER

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

SIR,—In THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of October 27, 1951, Mr. Carey McWilliams, in the midst of what purported to be a new report from the United States, engaged in a bitter denunciation of Dr. Peter Viereck and myself. The general tendentiousness of Mr. McWilliams's article will be evident to most of your readers; but those of your readers not familiar with the politics of the American Left may not be aware of the special motives behind his personal attacks.

Mr. McWilliams is one of the few Americans who still believes in a united front with the American Communists. In the service of this belief, he has shown an increasing disposition to smear and blacken the anti-Communist progressives—those of us, particularly in Americans for Democratic Action, who share George Orwell's dislike of those who try to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian. His attempt in your journal to associate me with Senator McCarthy is regrettably typical of his latter-day methods. Mr. McWilliams knows perfectly well that I have attacked and condemned Senator McCarthy from the moment the Senator began his wretched campaign. I fear he is counting on the ignorance of his British readers as a means of gaining currency for accusations which he has never dared make in this country. Mr. McWilliams's charge, indeed, constitutes a perfect example (if in reverse) of that unscrupulous blackguarding which has come to be known in this country as McCarthyism, and which should be regarded with contempt whether it originates with the far Right or the far Left.

If Mr. McWilliams is to continue to employ your columns as an outlet for his political grudges, at least let the grounds for his attacks be clearly known to your readers. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

G.B.S.

SIR,—With the authority of the Public Trustee, and as the principal publishers of Bernard Shaw's works in Great Britain, we are contemplating, some time during the next five years, the publication of a Definitive Selection of the Letters of Bernard Shaw. We visualise this selection as forming one or more volumes in the Standard Edition of G.B.S.

Mr. Shaw was a very prolific correspondent; and in order to test the scope and possibilities of our plan, we appeal now to librarians, booksellers and private individuals with knowledge of the whereabouts of Shaw letters to let us know whether, when the time comes, they will kindly collaborate with us in locating material of real importance.

Would persons aware of Bernard Shaw letters in North or South America please communicate with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, Mr. Shaw's principal American publishers.

10 Orange Street, London, W.C.2. CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

SIR,—Two of the aims of the Shaw International Memorial committee seem to me to be inseparable: namely, the encouragement of young playwrights, and the establishment of "a regular Shaw repertory company," which should, however, in addition to its Shaw repertory, be compelled to include at least one new play in each season's programme.

What could be more suitable as a Shaw Centre and as the suggested Shaw company's home than the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, which was the scene of so many of his early successes under the Vedroenne-Barker management?

I imagine, since that theatre remains empty and only partially repaired, that the economic obstacles in the way of its continued use as a theatre are considerable: but the arguments in its favour must surely compel at least an attempt to surmount them. Perhaps the Chelsea Borough Council might be persuaded to exercise their powers of charging a 6*d.* rate in order to participate in the scheme.

65, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10 OLIVER BURT

WORKING-CLASS BOOTS

SIR,—In writing my review of George Lansbury's biography, a slip of memory led me to attribute distaste for "working-class boots and working-class margarine" to H. G. Wells. No doubt Wells, who wrote *This Misery of Boots*, felt such distaste, but the remark I quoted was made of course by John Burns, when he was preparing to admire his own feet under the table of the Local Government Board.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

TOM THUMB

SIR,—I am working on a biography of the American midget, General Tom Thumb, whose real name was Charles S. Stratton (1838-1883). He was associated with the great showman, P. T. Barnum, and visited England several times and was received by Queen Victoria. I should like to have readers send me information or material on Tom Thumb and his wife, such as personal recollections, anecdotes, pamphlets, letters, newspaper cuttings, words and music of songs and dances, prints, photographs, etc. Both Tom Thumb and Barnum were my distant cousins.

195 Bird Avenue, Buffalo 13, New York, U.S.A. G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

Welcome to the Inn

It was a comfortable-looking place though, for there was a strong, cheerful light in the bar window, which shed a bright ray across the road . . .

CHARLES DICKENS

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

Books in General

In 1651, cruising with majestic indifference through the political Deluge that had submerged their society, bewildered Englishmen suddenly sighted a new and terrifying monster. It was the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, who himself soon afterwards arrived from France to join his creature. What new cataclysm could this beast portend? Two years later, when Oliver Cromwell set up his military dictatorship, muddle-headed royalists thought that they knew. Of course they were wrong. Hobbes was as hated by the Puritans as by the Royalists, and indeed by everyone else—as soon became clear. For a whole generation every shelf and sandbank in the receding flood contained a fisherman. Most of them were elderly men, in old-fashioned clothes; many of them wore clerical collars; all were equipped with complicated tackle and jars of curious bait. They were engaged in the new national pastime; catching the *Leviathan*.*

First on the bank was the squire, Sir Robert Filmer, an angler of established reputation. Aged sixty-three, coeval with Hobbes himself, and a rival expert on sovereignty, he studied the monster with a professional eye. As the oracle of patriarchal rule he approved its absolutist conclusion ("for we do but flatter ourselves if we hope ever to be governed without an arbitrary power"), but he differed on the basis of that power, which ought, of course, to be the patriarchal power of Stuart Kings consecrated by the Anglican Church; and having thus disposed of the *Leviathan* the squire resigned his stretch of water to another experienced angler, the parson. The parson—the Rev. Alexander Rosse—waded a little deeper, and having carefully set up the vast, ornamental, archaic intellectual fishing-tackle of the Jacobean age, which, in its time, had engaged many a doctrinal herring, returned to the Angler's Arms to boast of *Leviathan Drawn out with a Hook* and demonstrate that the creature (which had got away) had been merely a synthesis of all those polysyllabical heresies which the Church had long ago condemned. Of two other angling parsons, the Rev. William Lucy and his younger colleague the Rev. Seth Ward, little need be said. They did but tickle, with home-made gear, and their efforts (as Aubrey said of Lucy) were "but weak ones." However, they did not fish altogether in vain. Though they failed to catch the *Leviathan*, each in the end netted a bishopric.

Who indeed could catch the *Leviathan*? Roused by the challenge, two far greater men now addressed themselves to the task. Both were elderly and conservative, but both were men of the world, statesmen and thinkers of real stature, strenuous before and powerful after the Flood. Furthermore, both knew the monster well and had been present at its birth. In 1658 John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, arrived confidently at the waterside; he was followed in 1676, at a slower, more dignified pace, by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. Their style was different. Clarendon, now once more an exile, was a graver man—and indeed there is a tragic dignity in his emphatic rejection, addressed to Charles II, of Hobbes's "false and evil doctrine" that a banished man owes no allegiance to the sovereign who has banished him. Bramhall, an out-of-doors bishop accustomed to Irish conditions, intended to enjoy the sport. He would adopt, he said, the methods of the Greenland fishermen who, after harpooning the Leviathan and then

> giving him line and space enough to bounce and tumble up and down and tire himself out and try all his arts . . . at last draw this formidable creature to the shore or ship, and slice him in pieces, and boil him in a cauldron, and tun him up in oil.

In the bounce and tumble the *Leviathan* gave the episcopal angler a few sharp knocks, but in the end, as another bishop complacently observed, Bramhall's *Catching of the Leviathan* "hit him hard . . . the hook is still in his nose. Good judges have thought he hath not licked himself well of those wounds the Bishop of Derry gave him."

Bramhall and Clarendon both attacked Hobbes from a conservative position. Having themselves loyally followed their own unfortunate sovereigns through defeat and banishment, they saw Hobbes as a mere turncoat who, by recognising only such sovereignty as could effectively protect him, "doth take his sovereign for better but not for worse." Had he not himself deserted the helpless Charles II in order to court the odious usurper? But to refute him they did not rely on tradition alone: they attacked the heart of his philosophy. Fundamentally, Hobbes had begun by rejecting, emphatically, the Aristotelian doctrine that man is by nature a social animal. Hobbes, openly declaring that Aristotle was no better in politics than a country bumpkin, had regarded society as an artificial structure imposed upon men to correct the disastrous consequences of their nature. Bramhall and Clarendon, as conservatives, returned to the wisdom of the past which Hobbes had so vulgarly spurned. "Whatever errors may have been brought into the world by Aristotle," said Clarendon sharply, "no man ever grew a rebel by reading him;" all other philosophers, said Bramhall more explicitly, "do derive commonwealth from the sociability of nature which is in mankind—most truly;" but Hobbes

> will have the beginning of all human society from mutual fear. . . . Let him tell me what mutual fear of danger did draw the silly bees into swarms, or the sheep or doves into flocks . . . and I shall conceive it possible that the beginnings of human society might be from fear only.

Further if the basis of Hobbes's theory was false, so was the method of his conclusion. Hobbes had presumed man to be naturally anti-social but naturally rational, and politics to be a mathematical art, consisting "of certain rules, as doth arithmetic and geometry, and not, as in tennis-play, in practice only." Both Bramhall and Clarendon, from their practical experience, contemptuously rejected this view. Men are not rational: "We have too much cause to believe," said Clarendon, "that the major part of mankind do not think at all." As for government by arithmetical formulæ, they laughed aloud at such academic folly. "I should be glad," wrote Clarendon,

> that Mr. Hobbes might have a place in Parliament, and sit in Council, and be present in courts of Justice and other Tribunals, whereby it is probable he would find that his solitary cogitations, how deep soever, and his too peremptory adhering to some philosophical notions, and even rules of geometry, has misled him in the investigation of policy. . . .

In truth Hobbes was not the philosopher of the Cromwellian or any other revolution, and the *Leviathan*, that terrifying monster, was in fact only a pedant's Chimaera. It had scattered some older phantoms, but when exposed to the real world had itself in turn dissolved, leaving to later philosophers only a few disconnected intellectual stage-properties. Man is not rational: no system of politics can govern him without some mystique; and experience—which Hobbes despised—has shown that the least mystical, most utilitarian system of government is in fact not despotic but liberal. When the greatest of liberal philosophers picked up from the wrack of the *Leviathan* the concept of the social contract, he did not even think it worth while to mention the rest of the decomposing carcase; indeed, with polite disdain he pretended not to have noticed it; Filmer's *Patriarcha* then seemed a more serious adversary.

And yet, although two elderly conservative statesmen had landed the *Leviathan*, it was perhaps not they who persuaded the younger generation of its weakness. After all, the younger generation did not listen much to Bramhall and Clarendon. Bramhall only survived the Restoration by three years, in "the declension of his age and health," reminding Jeremy Taylor of "the broken heaps of Pompey's Theatre, and the crushed Obelisks . . . venerable in their very dust"; and Clarendon outlived him only to taste another exile. If the *Leviathan* was dead by 1680, perhaps he had not died of his wounds in that famous anglers' contest: perhaps he had died a natural death. For after 1660 there was in England a new intellectual climate, in which the whole basis of Hobbes's philosophy seemed out of date. For Hobbes's underlying fear, his belief in the fundamental wickedness of man, was not peculiar to him: it was the commonplace of his generation. The early seventeenth century was an age of intellectual gloom: Roman Catholics lamented "the last era of a declining and gasping world"; Anglicans like John Donne and Sir Thomas Browne dwelt magniloquently on worms, urns, and the apparatus of mortality; and Puritans rejoiced (if at all) only at the imminence of that Eternal Damnation from which they alone would be exempt. But after 1660, Englishmen were not afraid, they were confident; and perhaps the magisterial reproofs of Bramhall and Clarendon were less effective than the gay dialogues of the Rev. John Eachard, who, in 1673, rendered the dismal philosophy of Hobbes, with its state of nature, "the war of all against all," not heretical but ridiculous.

> *Timotheus*: Well met, Philautus, how does your best self this morning? What stout and hearty? . . . Shall we take a turn or two in the walks?
>
> *Philautus* [*Hobbes*]: No, I thank you, unless I know your tricks better: You may chance to get behind me and bite me in the legs. . . .

* *Hobbes and his Critics.* By John Bowle. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

The man who began thus, mocking the portentous philosopher for his chronic fear of being "affronted, abused, choused, defamed, flung downstairs or tossed in a blanket," knew that his readers were already on his side. In such a climate the *Leviathan* did not need to be hooked and played, bounced and tumbled to an elaborate death: it could not live. Unfortunately for its clerical adversaries, neither could their rival doctrine: Original Sin.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A PICTURE BY CLAUDE

Always in the background lies, among a range
of hills,
The blue plateau, that permanent landmark
Lighting the distances of an ideal geography,
Where columned lakes and sun-stained temples,
theatres
Of grand departures, triumphant and tragical
processions,
Hang their fantastic architectures in a frame of
trees.

In a dignified decay, the weed-flagged ruins
Cast themselves calmly down in torrents of
romantic steps
Towards the sea's indifference, illuminated by an
evening sun
That touches the tall figures on the balustraded
towers
And the tiny pilgrims, bearing the magic instruments
Of ancient music, who wander to a fabulous horizon.

Or in a ruined harbour, the group regretfully
descends
The marble quaysides to the waiting boats, where
oarsmen
Have spread fine, tasselled rugs. In a long farewell,
They lift prophetic eyes to heaven, or to the ships
That lie at anchor in the bay, their rigged masts
Rising like spirits through transparent sails.

You foreground companies with round-chinned
profiles,
What is the voyage that your eyes already know,
The journey that your feet discover in the
flowered ground?
It is the embarkation of the soul upon a pilgrimage towards
A Cythera we ignore, but where your innocence
has found
Those things for which our new philosophies can
have no words.

JAMES KIRKUP

IMAGINED CHILD

Her other lover in a hated city
I knew, and she beloved.
What dreams were there to call upon?
What pity to plead for when only
Her passive face hung on my wall?
So in my rage at her, I moved
That mask, forebore to call
Down future lanes, my son,

Who was a far imagined joyful child
That I had conjured
In imperfect hope. But there was none
That sleepless night: so, mad and wild
I broke with cries my deepest vow
But found my loving was not cured.
"Possible seas, O drown me now!"
I cried, but heard my son

In murmuring sleep, her tears, both real:
And thus I loved her more
Who for her child, and mine, could weep;
Although I knew she came to steal
Him from my mind, although I knew
Her useless beauty from before,
Yet loving her, what could I do
But turn? as my child might in sleep.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

THE LAST VICEROY

Mission with Mountbatten. By ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON. *Hale.* 25*s.*

Britain's peaceful withdrawal from India, Pakistan and Burma is one of those rare incidents that revives belief in the power of human reason. The problem of India had long seemed insoluble; the pundits, British as well as Indian, considered a bloodbath to be inevitable. Even after the Indian leaders had been persuaded by the Cabinet Mission to believe in the sincerity of the Labour Government, it was held that the British would only be able to move out in a series of "phased military operations." That it happened otherwise was due partly to the magnanimity of Nehru and his colleagues and partly to Mr. Attlee, who saw that the extraordinary operation of peaceably passing over power into the hands of responsible Indians could only be achieved by a Viceroy of extraordinary ability, armed with extraordinary powers.

Lord Mountbatten first refused Mr. Attlee's invitation and then attempted to escape by demanding a plenitude of power which no Cabinet servant had ever before been granted. The Premier did not hesitate, and Mountbatten went to India having also obtained the right to appoint to his staff any persons he liked to choose from any other Department. He chose as his chief officer General Ismay, who had been Mr. Churchill's most intimate adviser on military matters during the war, and who held at that time the conventional British officer's views about the British Empire and the relations of Muslims and Hindus. The appointment was a brilliant success. Ismay was both open-minded and clear-headed; he was converted by the facts and his conversion certainly had a great deal to do with drawing the teeth of Tory opposition.

Another of Mountbatten's fortunate appointments was that of Alan Campbell-Johnson, who had served under him during the war. Campbell-Johnson was more than a Press Officer. Mountbatten knew that public relations was an important part of the complex and stubborn problem of diplomacy in front of him. It was not enough to reach a settlement with, and between, the Indian leaders. Somehow, the British were to leave India with the good will of countless Indians who had long known that gaol was the penalty for demanding what Britain was now apparently offering as a gift. Only a man fully in the Viceroy's confidence could explain to the public what was happening, allay ever-ready suspicion and build the right public portrait of a Viceroy whose remarkable endowment could not include the gift of infallibility. Campbell-Johnson was therefore accepted as one of the small and intimate staff group with whom Mountbatten daily discussed his plans and explained his worries. The Viceroy did not know that his Press Attaché was keeping a diary, but the result has been that we have, only three years after these great events, a first-hand, inside account, illuminated by comment which is both informed and independent. Before he left India, Campbell-Johnson was himself entrusted with a confidential mission to the Nizam of Hyderabad, and one of his most interesting chapters includes a singularly frank account of that shabby, pathetic and fantastically wealthy potentate. The diary also contains freshly painted portraits of Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, Rajagopalachari, and other Indian leaders, as well as a mixed bag of British V.I.P.s who turned up at Government House. No doubt historians and political opponents will find different interpretations of these events, but no one will be able to ignore Campbell-Johnson's evidence nor is anyone likely to impugn his integrity. *Mission with Mountbatten* will remain an authentic and primary *source* book.

Campbell-Johnson quotes an appraisal of Mountbatten that he himself composed for the guidance of an American correspondent. He rightly stressed the Viceroy's contagious energy and creative optimism; he made others believe that the impossible could be achieved. He put his finger on the spot when he said that Mountbatten's record, coupled with the fact of his royal blood, helped to raise him above the usual charges of personal ambition and interested motives. He was capable of an immense patience, but, much more unusual, he had a flair for the moment to become impatient. The one boast I have myself heard him make about himself is that his Service training has given him an unusual appreciation of the importance of "timing." He combines, as no one else I've known does, the techniques of democratic consultation and military staff action.

Read Campbell-Johnson's account of the supreme effort demanded in order to obtain what he calls "the great acceptance" of the partition plan. Jinnah, as Gandhi remarked, had "a difficulty for every solution." Indeed, as one reads the story, Mountbatten becomes the Creator and Jinnah the Destroyer. When everyone, including Jinnah, had personally accepted the scheme as the best practicable, Jinnah fell back on his ancient formula, declaring that he could not accept finally on behalf of Pakistan without the concurrence of the Council of the Muslim League. Mountbatten pointed out that in that case the Congress and the Sikhs would also refuse final acceptance, "'Chaos will follow, and you will lose your Pakistan, probably for good.' 'What must be, must be!'" was Jinnah's only reaction. "Mountbatten then said, 'Mr. Jinnah, I do not intend to let you wreck all the work that has gone into this settlement. Since you will not accept for the Muslim League, I will speak for them myself. I will take the risk of saying that I am satisfied with the assurances you have given me, and if your Council refuses to ratify the agreement, you can place the blame on me!' He then asked whether when this statement was made Jinnah would 'nod your head in acquiescence.'" Jinnah nodded, and the settlement was based on this nod. Mountbatten then immediately presented the astonished Indian leaders with an immense document which he had long been preparing on the "Administrative Consequences of Partition," with the result that there was no more time for argument and that the leaders immediately became busy shouldering the responsibility for vast changes that had hitherto been only theoretical. Mountbatten's "short way" with the Princes was equally unorthodox and successful. Perhaps the most amusing incident is that of a petty Maharajah who neither personally attended the Viceroy's conference nor gave his Dewan authority to act for him. Since many of the Princes appealed to astrologers for advice, Mountbatten picked up a glass paper weight and told the outwitted Dewan that he was himself a crystal-gazer and that, looking into the glass, he could at that very moment see the Maharajah deciding in favour of immediate accession.

Jinnah's triumph was a victory for a limitless obstinacy and an iceberg coldness to human appeals. Pakistan in the sense of administrative autonomy for predominantly Muslim areas was not enough for him. He insisted—and it was his greatest crime—on splitting the army into two communal armies. By insisting on himself being the first Governor-General of Pakistan, he defeated the plan by which Mountbatten would have been Governor-General of both nations for a critical period, during which he could probably have overcome some of the worst causes of friction. Had it not been for Jinnah's negations, the Kashmir problem could never have reached its present dimensions because, in all probability, India and Pakistan would have had a joint defence force on the frontier.

The central theme of Campbell-Johnson's book is this struggle of Mountbatten to overcome the disintegrating forces and to achieve the miracle of British departure amid applause and good will. This last achievement was in large measure due to the personal popularity of Lady, as well as of Lord, Mountbatten. Lady Mountbatten was something quite new in Vicereines. She was the close friend of Nehru, the Mahatma and other Indian leaders; she was also the first Vicereine to keep open Government House to an

First Reviews of

KIDDAR'S LUCK by Jack Common

1. DAILY EXPRESS, 24 Nov., '51 by JOHN REDFERN

I think this one might click

Jack Common

"comes barging in . . . with a wayward, intelligent, ragamuffin's mind . . . a fascinating interpreter of the Dead End."

THIS country is crawling with well-behaved little writers who produce with competence, but without conviction, stories as smooth as silk, and all to the same pattern.

But look out! Jack Common, an unknown, comes barging in today.

The effect is that of an uninhibited plumber, without tie, gate-crashing a bridge party in Purley. Here is a man who writes with his braces showing. "Kiddar's Luck" is an autobiographical novel of this fortyish son of a Tyneside engine-driver.

It may collect the jackpot, as Walter Greenwood did 20 years ago with "Love on the Dole."

Common was dragged up, and in his book he describes the process, tug by tug. He is a fascinating interpreter of the Cultural Cul de Sac, the Dead End. The reader has to face mean streets and mean ways.

The reward is the discovery of a wayward, intelligent ragamuffin's mind, flashing in the muck and finding marvels in the misery.

He begins: "She was a fool, of course, my mother," and it is difficult to like that, but impossible to stop. That piece of rudeness, and truth, is a trip-wire, and the reader is pitched, inescapably into the rough and tumble of the formative years of Jack Common.

His handsome, huge father was drunk on his wedding day, which was his right in his social circle. His bride, a dark-haired shop-girl, marrying beneath her, was not amused. They were incompatibles from the start.

Angry father

HE was a sceptic; she was a believer. He read slowly through "Chips," "Comic Cuts" and "Lot o' Fun." She loved books and theatres.

She was always going to auctions. One day, her little son, alone in the Front Room, held a pretend auction. Sales were poor and he offered to split the lots—aspidistras. He was busy pulling the plants out of the pots when "Da" walked in.

The child was thrashed until he had a fit. His mother, running for water with shoes unlaced, fell down the scullery steps. And so "Da," who never ailed a thing, had a permanently crippled wife.

Mother, steered by convivial friends took up The Beer.

There was a terrible Easter when she was taken to the police station and neighbours entertained the boy, who was suspicious of trouble but afraid to ask.

School boredom

WITHOUT any self-pity, Common trails though the boredom of school: the corner gangs; the secret order he founded, "Sons of the Battle-axe" (subscription 1d. a week); the parties behind a working-men's club where the board-school bucks drank lager drained from the empties.

Common uses, quite properly, some of the improper words of the back streets. He writes his own kind of English, with punctuation in long sentences leaning heavily on the Comma.

But his words have rhythm and force, and although he bashes grammar about I think that is deliberate.

First-hand

THIS is no nicely-brought-up little writer out slumming. His descriptions are first-hand and first-class. He notes "old snow on the window-sill, shrunk and saltlike stuff, pitted with soot specks like a sort of poor man's ermine."

He makes you hear "the fluffing of small flames through a slack fire." He introduces you to the purpose of a poss-tub. It turns out to be for rinsing clothes.

This plumber may be without a tie, but he certainly has not forgotten his tools.

2. BOOKMAN (*Journal of The Book Society*) by V. S. PRITCHETT

MANY years ago there appeared in a really illuminating book on working-class life, a piece of considered and living anthropology. It was called "The Freedom of the Streets," by Jack Common. He has now written a short yet packed account of his own childhood in the north of England about thirty years ago; and though working-class life is now often the background in novels, this book seems to see the whole subject afresh and deal with it far more economically and vividly than the novels have done.

Mr. Common was the son of a cheerful, hard-drinking engine-driver and a mother who believed she had married beneath her. She was warned of the certain disasters to come. They did come and, in between them, the boy grew up, enjoying the rich and extraordinary pains and pleasures of street life. There were the street wars, the bouts of religion, the mysteries of the pawnshop, the "atmosphere" in the home when the mother took to drinking too, the friends, the street expeditions, the jungle of school days.

Mr. Common records this with natural, tolerant vigour and precision, revelling sardonically in his memories of poverty and showing his teeth a little in the end, as he speaks for millions like himself. But he is a well-lived man who had read and thought a good deal about life and people; and this is far from being a hard-luck story. It is a true, vital, considered piece of English life that is given to the reader, well-written in a good talking style. I recommend it as unusual reading.

Common is his real name, not a class-conscious pseudonym. "The name of Common is recorded in Northumbrian history back to 1590. Our family owed the Duke of Northumberland rent for 100 years. We're pedigree bottom dogs."

The phrase, Kiddar's Luck—"on Tyneside every boy is a kiddar, every girl a hinny"—is used to shrug off a mountain of misfortune. Even his present circumstances—living in a dejected-looking council house.

From George Scott's interview with the Author in "The Daily Express."

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endless stream of Indian men and women with all of whom she was on the most personal and cordial terms. She worked, as very few women are physically capable of working, at the job of relief and organisation that followed the ghastly tragedy of the Punjab massacres. One of the excellent photographs in Campbell-Johnson's book shows all the Government House party sitting in the dust at Gandhi's funeral. The most important motive for this strange humility was personal safety; there was an appalling danger that, as the vast crowd thickened and pressed inwards, we should all be pushed on to the funeral pyre with Gandhi's body. But there was nevertheless symbolic significance in the incredible sight of the Lord and Lady Mountbatten squatting in the dust with three-quarters of a million other people on the occasion of a great Indian ceremony. For the first time in history the representatives of the British crown in India were no longer snobs, had no colour prejudice, discovered India for themselves and were unaffectedly fond of the country and the people who lived in it.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

666 AND ALL THAT

The Magic of my Youth. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Great Beast. By JOHN SYMONDS. *Rider.* 21*s.*

Aleister Crowley. By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL. *Richards Press.* 15*s.*

"On the evening of the day when the death was announced of Aleister Crowley, the self-styled Knight Elect of the Sangrail, Master of Thelema and το Μεγαθηριον, the Beast 666 of the Apocalypse, Tom Driberg was dining at a house in Kensington. . . ."

As an opening sentence this could hardly be bettered, and I can't imagine myself not wanting to read a book which begins with such a resounding bang; my only doubt was that Mr. Calder-Marshall, having started so explosively, might continue (and still more probably end) with a whimper. Let me say at once, therefore, that he does nothing of the kind: bang follows bang like a Brock's benefit, and I can honestly say that I haven't enjoyed a book so much for years.

That first sentence I've quoted should dispel any illusions created by the (ironically) Godfrey Winn-some title; the "Magic," of course, is Black, and the book is incidentally an account of the author's relationship—brief and unrewarding—with that most bogus and seedy of Messiahs, Aleister Crowley. Only incidentally; for Crowley is really a mere peg upon which Mr. Calder-Marshall hangs a series of reminiscences about his boyhood and early youth. Some of these have only the slightest connection with Crowley himself, but Mr. Calder-Marshall's divagations are less casual than they seem, and the whole book, apparently so loosely thrown together, is really constructed with extreme care. Each section is built up round a central "character"—people known to the writer, and connected, in one way or another, with Crowley: "Vickybird" the poetaster, "Auntie Helen," Raoul Loveday, Betty ("Tiger Woman") May, etc., etc. In addition, there is the only too effable "Hugh" (many will remember him), founder of the Oxford Balloon Club; and a host of minor characters pop up here and there—Mr. Stephen Spender ("dilettanteing with his typewriter, as usual"); Miss Wilhelmina Stitch (who addressed the Oxford Poetry Society—"Don't you love it when the chestnut trees in spring take off their woolly gloves and stretch their baby fingers?"); Miss Nina Hamnett ("with her long thin legs and her cloche hat, streaking like a busy emu from the Fitzroy to the Marquis of Granby"). And finally Crowley himself, whom Mr. Calder-Marshall meets at last at the *Tour Eiffel* in Percy Street, and mistakes for a stockbroker—but I will not reveal the climax (or rather the anti-climax) to this hilarious Quest for Crowley: it is enough to say that Mr. Calder-Marshall declined the honour of being ritually sacrificed (in the role of Adonis) at Cefalù—and one can hardly blame him. (My only criticism, by the way, is that in the chapter about Crowley's Sicilian goings-on, Mr. Calder-Marshall employs a rather unhappy blend of fact and fiction—though it must, as I can see, have been a difficult chapter to write, for Black Magicians are not, after all, much given to talking about their activities.)

From what I have said, it should be evident that this book is really about Mr. Calder-Marshall himself; and I'm inclined to think that it's the best he has so far written. I have followed his literary career with considerable interest, but have sometimes regretted his rather too solemn attitude to writing, and his preoccupation (as a novelist) with politics. I suspect that he would have been happier, as a writer, in the Twenties, and that he didn't really find the climate of the subsequent decade very favourable to his talent. In *The Magic of My Youth* he evokes admirably the intellectual atmosphere of 1928:

"Earnest" was an adjective heavy with social disapproval ("Of course, Pamela is a charming girl, but isn't she just a wee bit earnest?") and the highest term of praise was "amusing. . . ."

Very much of its period, too, is the account of the Black Mass (or Black Mattins, rather) which so worried the Dean of Mr. Calder-Marshall's College:

"What I want to know *is*, did you have the Consecrated Host and a defrocked priest?"

"No, sir. The only defrocked priest I know lives in Hove, and he's too old to get about much. We had tinned spider-crab from Kamchatka and a dry Amontillado. Actually, there is some left, if you'd like to come up. . . ."

As for the ex-Master of Thelema, he has found, in Mr. Symonds, the biographer he deserves, and *The Great Beast* is hardly less shoddy and ill-written than the works of the Mage himself. Mr. Symonds is Crowley's literary executor, and as such has had access to a number of unpublished (and unpublishable) documents. In his account of the Beast's career he has relied very largely on Crowley's own account of himself, rather than on any less biased evidence; there is no attempt at exegesis; the material is churned out in the clumsiest of Sunday-paper journalese; and all that emerges from this book is a clumsily drawn portrait of a particularly nasty psychopath who, though he may have been the "wickedest man in the world," a "king of depravity," etc. (see jacket), must also, one feels, have been a crashing bore. An intelligent study of Crowley as a pathological specimen might have been of some value (though not, I think, much); one would like to know, for instance, to what extent he really believed in his own "Magick," and whether he did, in fact, possess the remarkable hypnotic powers attributed to him by his disciples. Mr. Symonds, however, does nothing to enlighten us on these points; his approach to his subject is muddled and uncritical, and the result is a turgid, overloaded book which serves up Crowley's lurid reputation for the benefit of a public who should know better.

Mr. Cammell's short study of the Mage is written in a spirit of almost untempered adulation: he has been, as he confesses, "amazed, enchanted, bewildered" by Crowley's literary genius. Most people, I'm afraid, will remain merely bewildered—as much by Mr. Cammell as by the Beast himself. Crowley, the poet (according to Mr. Cammell), was second only to Shelley "for sheer rhapsody of language and music"; his *Confessions* are comparable to those of Rousseau and Cellini—"here surely," remarks Mr. Cammell, in an outburst of girlish enthusiasm, "was food for thought, wine to intoxicate the fancy!"

I should just think so, indeed; and one can only be grateful to Mr. Calder-Marshall for remaining, in the circumstances, so commendably sober. In conclusion, it may be added (for the benefit of Scotland Yard) that the mystery of Jack-the-Ripper has been solved at last: we have Crowley's word for it that the crimes were, in fact, committed by none other than Madame Blavatsky.

JOCELYN BROOKE

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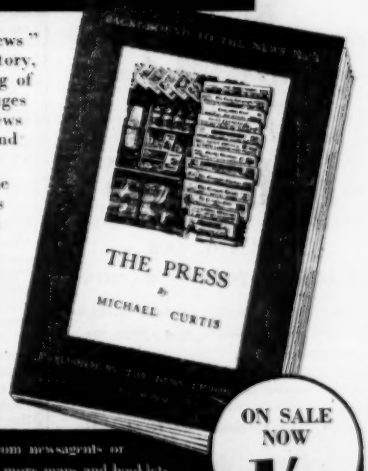

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TOWARDS A NEW PATTERN

The New Society. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

The publication of these six lectures given by Mr. E. H. Carr in the Third earlier this year, will be welcomed, especially by those who are unable to meet the inexorable demands of B.B.C. timetables. Not by any means all the best radio talks stand up well to critical scrutiny on publication. But in this instance, Mr. Carr is positively helped by the peculiar demands of his medium. He has taken a massive subject and succeeded in distilling his ideas into crisp, homely paragraphs which must have been comprehensible to most listeners and are of exemplary clarity to the reader. The book outlines the development of English society from the dark satanic mills to the Welfare State and touches on all the main problems of social organisation and individual freedom which surround it.

The opening lecture seeks to define Mr. Carr's historical method. He rejects alike H. A. L. Fisher's "patternless" history, and the romantic pessimism of Spengler and Toynbee.

> Spengler's system . . . can be rejected only by denying his initial belief in the existence of civilisations as objective entities, obeying fixed laws of development and decay. Since no important thinker, at any rate outside Germany, now accepts this belief, I need spend no more time on Spengler.

This is an excellent example of the author's robust and agreeably opinionated style. It also represents one of the most summary treatments, even of Spengler, ever attempted. And as a statement of his own definition:

> History is itself the pattern into which the historian weaves his material; without pattern there can be no history. Pattern can only be the product of the mind . . . of the historian working on the events of the past.

In the four middle lectures the pattern is implicitly revealed. The author shows himself to be an uncomprising radical with a deep feeling for humanity and a disarming frankness about its shortcomings. Were the lectures the work of a politician, one would identify their writer without much doubt as an English Socialist. The final lecture, in which Mr. Carr seeks to draw together the threads of the pattern he has woven, shows that this would be an over-simplification. The truth is that Mr. Carr is not half so certain about the world as his stimulating fluency would lead us to believe; and in this last lecture he is at some pains to establish a defensive position against criticism. He is sure that our destiny is not wholly determined and he quotes Lenin, "There is no situation from which there is absolutely no way out." But his subjective view of history depends on the validity of his own basic values. Then are they valid? Most of this lecture is an attempt—fascinating and revealing in its self-consciousness—to avoid the overt acknowledgment of the Socialist values which appear, at least to one reader, implicit in the earlier argument:

> I am in some sense committing myself to the old-fashioned discarded, discredited belief in progress in history. Progress is a conscious moving on towards purposes which are felt to be worthy of human faith and human endeavour.

But what are these purposes? Mr. Carr has let enough cats out of the bag in the earlier lectures to give us some idea and to indicate that he could give a fuller one, if he were minded to do so. But he won't. It is perhaps unfair to speculate on the nature of the inhibition. But it is not unfair to say that Mr. Carr, apart from his virtue as *laudator temporis acti*, has something to contribute to the future which he is not yet prepared to share. When he is, contemporary political thought will be enriched, since the quality of his exposition ensures that a public far beyond the ivory tower will be able to understand what he has to say.

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Roger Keyes. By General CECIL ASPINALL-OGLANDER. *Hogarth Press.* 25s.

Every age has its special type of Hero. The fox-hunting, brandy-swilling general officers of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns yield to the whiskered Evangelicals of Lucknow and the Crimea. For a time collects can be heard above the cannonade until that generation, purged of its fanaticism and eccentric dash, turns imperceptibly into the full-bodied military Sahibdom of the '80s. The neck bulges, the face attains ampler contours, the Dundreary is replaced by a moustache and we are staring at Lord Kitchener. (Or rather, Lord Kitchener is staring hard, from a recruiting poster, at us.) Later still, the semaphore flag and the *Soldier's Pocket Book* is replaced by a compass, a stick of gelignite and *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse*. The age of the amateurs, of the Lawrences and Wingates, is upon us.

Beatty is the 1914, perhaps one should say the 1910, Hero *par excellence*. His life and character, as described in Admiral Chalmers's excellent biography, develops with an Edwardian simplicity. One watches the structure of his career raise itself, step by step, like those heavy blocks of Portland stone that front a Lutyens public building. The conventional Irish upbringing, the horsy stamina and rakish attire, the pluck and resource hooded like guns beneath the tarpaulins of modesty, the flair for handling men and for intriguing women—all this is in the period tradition. Everywhere—in Kitchener's gunboats on the Nile, at Tientsin, in the spuming cavalry charge of Heligoland and the full-steam chase of the Dogger Bank, above all, in the iron-grey saga of Jutland—one sees the imprint of that disturbing yet essential quality, "leadership". One senses other qualities also. Charm, abundance of the common touch, a real concern for the sailor's welfare and moral courage, heaps of it, exercised impartially against the Admiralty, the Cabinet or his sick, jealous wife. Add to this an uncanny political sense, exemplified in his accurate forecast of the steps leading up to the first world war or in his relations, as First Sea Lord, to the first Labour Government ("We have to teach them Imperialism . . . It is quite extraordinary the amount of real ignorance that exists in their minds on questions of the greatest importance.") Despite this sixth sense, he retains the serviceman's inability to understand the ways of the politician. "That extraordinary fellow Winston has gone mad;" he wrote in 1925, when it looked as though the Chancellor was about to lay his axe to the Admiralty: "economically mad, and no sacrifice is too great to achieve what in his short-sightedness is the panacea for all evils—to take 1s. off the Income Tax."

Like most great commanders, Beatty had a strong taste for stage effect. Admiral Meurer's arrival to negotiate for the surrender of the German Fleet in 1918 was, he writes,

> Dramatic and tragic to a high degree. He arrived on board at 7 p.m., aided by a thick fog . . . I arranged a most beautiful setting. My dramatic sense was highly developed at the moment. When he marched up the gangway he was met by a blaze of light from groups of the strongest electric searchlights which lighted the gangway and the path that he trod from there to my hatchway. Outside the path everything was inky black and perfect stillness . . . On the edge of the Path of light . . . was a line of the fattest Marine sentries . . . wherever he looked he met a bayonet . . .

Such moments are sweet. Yet even before it has been won, the sheen of victory has been worn off and the neurosis caused by the victor's sudden slackening of effort is setting in:

> On top of it all is the feeling that we are not going to win in the Council all that our great silent victory entitles us to . . . The only thing is to sail into their poisonous country and wreck it and take what we want and put the fear of God, Truth and Justice into them, represented by the British Tommy.

Beatty's early success rested on the twin bases of phenomenal service promotion and his wife's great fortune. Ethel Field was an American heiress and divorcée, a neurotic whose illness eventually turned to melancholia. She was ambitious for her husband; she was also capricious, self-centred and ruthlessly possessive. Beatty's relations with his wife, as revealed in extracts from his letters, are those of an innocent Macbeth. "I want," he writes, ". . . your dear arms round my neck to tell me you understand and approve of the honour that has been bestowed on me and made me the youngest Post Captain by 6½ years in the Service." In obedience to his wife, he visits a Mayfair fortune-teller, Mrs. Robinson, and comments, amusedly yet with attention, on what she says about his career. Nothing could be more pathetic than the way in which Beatty allowed this ailing and emotionally tyrannous woman systematically to drain him of energy and leisure during the hardest years of his service life. His exasperated love for her burns through the period clichés of his correspondence.

Admiral Chalmers has written an admirable study. Besides providing a first-rate portrait of his subject, he has placed Beatty in relation to recent history, discussing the part he played in the pre-1914 struggle for naval supremacy, in the Great War itself and in the attempt to maintain British sea power after Versailles. Though his style has a crisp professional urgency, he speaks to the layman at all times, even when describing a complicated—and, as he shows, unnecessarily controversial—operation like the Battle of Jutland. Above all, he makes a plea for the recognition of "Beatty beatus" (the phrase was Lord Fisher's) as a great naval tactician. His book should dispose, once and for all, of the legend that Jellicoe's successor was a mere Prince Rupert afloat.

Keyes's life lacks much of the "human interest" that attaches to Beatty's career and General Aspinall-Oglander's book is necessarily

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more of a specialised biography. He has written a detailed account of his friend which springs to life whenever Keyes's exploits are under discussion but is apt to relapse into conventional grooves. It is all here—Gallipoli, Zeebrugge, the Dover Patrol. The writer has little difficulty in proving that Keyes " was the first to grasp the offensive potentialities, in turn, of destroyer flotillas, of ocean-going submarines and of the Fleet Air Arm." He also provides some good glimpses of life backstage at the Admiralty. The discreet lobbying carried on when it looked as though Keyes would succeed Madden as First Sea Lord was worthy of the Curia itself. One of the best chapters in this book concerns the *Royal Oak* incident of 1928. What foreigners and the Press took to be an officers' mutiny turned out to be only a case of " Three Men in a Boat " but Keyes's prompt action in ordering a rear-admiral to strike his flag and return home did considerable harm to his own career later on. Warm-hearted and enthusiastic, too young to be given high command in the first world war and too old for an active appointment in the second, Keyes remains at once the most gallant and the most temperamentally frustrated of modern seamen. JOHN RAYMOND

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Maternal Care and Mental Health. By JOHN BOWLBY. *World Health Organisation.* 10s. (Obtainable from H.M.S.O.)

Dr. Bowlby's report, described as " a contribution to the United Nations programme for the welfare of homeless children," is the most valuable on the subject I have ever seen. In April, 1948, the " Social Commission " of the United Nations decided to make a study of the needs of children " who are orphaned, or separated from their families for other reasons, and need care in foster-homes, institutions or other types of group care " —excluding refugees from " war or other disaster." The World Health Organisation, as one of the " specialised agencies," contributed a study of the mental health aspects of the problem; and the fruits of it were gathered into this report by Dr. John Bowlby, who, as well as being mental health consultant to W.H.O., is director of the child guidance department at the Tavistock Clinic.

The headmaster of a famous Approved School told me last year that whenever a delinquent boy gave way to a ferocious outburst of violence, meanwhile anathematising the whole world as he knew it in terms of painstaking obscenity, what he usually meant was " I want my mum." Essentially, that is the theme of this book: mum being needed, even if not consciously wanted, from earliest infancy.

> The mothering of a child [says Dr. Bowlby] is not something which can be arranged by roster; it is a live human relationship which alters the character of both partners. . . . In no other relationship do human beings place themselves so unreservedly and so continuously at the disposal of others. This holds true even of bad parents—a fact far too easily forgotten by their critics, especially critics who have never had the care of children of their own. . . . Even the bad parent who neglects her child is none the less providing much for him.

And no one else can provide it. The mother (or, if unavoidable, a " substitute mother ") is at the centre of the problem whether she be " good " or " bad "; and Dr. Bowlby writes scornfully of the " well-meaning amateurs " in child welfare who live in the sentimental glamour of saving neglected children from wicked parents; of social workers so preoccupied with physical health and, indeed, physical appearance that expensive social action is taken to turn a happy but dirty child into a miserably clean one; and of the fatuous zeal with which children are removed from their homes to be placed in Homes.

Dr. Bowlby is not one of the many who uncritically accepted the Curtis Report as pointing the way to the best care of deprived children. That otherwise admirable report was wrong, he says (p. 109), in recommending large reception homes for the sorting of children of all kinds—the short-stay children can be better dealt with and the long-stay ones are best observed as out-patients; it was wrong (p. 132) in wanting residential nurseries for " toddlers," since the evil effects of maternal deprivation were even then a well-established factor in social knowledge; and it has had the effect (in England) of divorcing the child care services from the family services (p. 151). " Family welfare and child welfare," says Dr. Bowlby, " are the two sides of a single coin." And yet nothing is more characteristic of both the public and the voluntary attitude than a willingness to spend large sums of money looking after children away from their homes, combined with a haggling parsimony in giving aid to the home itself. A local authority is able to spend £5 a week providing residence for a child, but has no power to spend thirty shillings on bedding to enable him to live at home.

No country has tackled this problem seriously, the problem of salvaging mothers and interrupting the hopeless procession of the generations, propagating mental ill-health without end or expectation of end. The twin problems of neglectful parents and deprived children (who become neglectful parents) have been " viewed fatalistically and left to propagate themselves." And there were three reasons for it. First, the assumption that a large proportion of these children were orphans and had no relatives (to-day, if there are relatives, they can in this country be paid as foster-parents); secondly, an economic system which from time to time has created poverty on so great a scale that social workers were powerless to help; and thirdly, ignorance of psychiatric factors—" unless a social worker has a good understanding of unconscious motivation she will be powerless to deal with many an unmarried mother, many a home in danger of breaking up, and many a case of conflict between parent and child " (p. 157). These three obstacles are being overcome, but two grave ones remain—the scarcity of psychiatric social workers and, a lack of conviction on the part of governments, social agencies, and the public that mother-love in infancy is as important for mental health as are vitamins and proteins for physical health.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW NOVELS

Look Down in Mercy. By WALTER BAXTER. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The Iron Gates. By DOUGLAS SCOTT. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

The House of Breath. By WILLIAM GOYEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 10s. 6d.

The Survivor. By JULES SUPERVIELLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

Look Down in Mercy, appearing as it does in December, is my choice for the most memorable first novel of 1951. "A work," the publishers rightly say, "of startling reality and of exceptional power," it is indeed too memorable for comfort, and may, like the presage of rain, cause old wounds to ache, now and in the future. It is a war-book, not accidentally, in that it happens to be set in a time and at a place where a war is going on, but essentially, in that it deals with things which are of the essence of war—fear, brutality, treachery and death. The scene is Burma, and the hero, Kent, sharply realised and yet deliberately anonymous, is a young officer-class Everyman, with a nice wife and an inferior Cambridge degree. His personality is presented at first with a certain blankness; it is conventionally suited to the situation of a war-time company commander. He is extremely proud of his command and devoted to it; conventionally efficient and conventionally popular, he can, when called upon, supply the courage of a conventional situation—that of getting in a wounded man under fire.

By the end of the book, a matter of months later, Kent has betrayed his own men to the enemy, abandoned a wounded man in order to save himself, and—waiving some minor charges—committed rape, sodomy, murder and suicide. The drama of the book is that he gives way, in each case except the rape, to extreme pressure; and its point, which is closely concealed by Mr. Baxter but treated with less restraint by his publishers, that conventional decency isn't a strong enough defence against extreme pressure. Only in his title and his last sentence does Mr. Baxter indicate the defence that Kent might have called to his aid, and in this, perhaps, one may discern an evasion of the novelist's duty to present *everything* that is relevant to his theme.

In a book which freely presents atrocious brutality the relationship between Kent and his batman is treated with a compassionate objectivity which is perhaps even more remarkable than its stamp of truth. The reader is not called upon either to blame or to absolve, but to register the fact that what Kent has done is to himself disgusting and incomprehensible. The rape which Kent commits would not be rape in law, but as a part of his unfeeling treatment of the Eurasian girl Helen, it is an element in the picture from which other readers, who don't take so much stock of cowardice, sodomy, or murder, will feel a little withdrawn. The murder is that of a blackmailer and the suicide is the logical conclusion of the story.

A remarkable work, *Look Down in Mercy* is not at all a promising novel. Mr. Baxter's style might best be described as " not inadequate." It lacks the special and indescribable flavour of a unique personality, which, more certainly than content, marks the debut of a professional novelist of high quality. Moreover this is a war-book, and—without making specific comparisons in point of quality—one calls to mind *The Red Badge of Courage*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Le Feu*, and others. Few of them were succeeded by anything comparable in quality; for their authors no subsequent experience provided the same stimulus as war. If Mr. Baxter's case is different, if at the age of 36 he has not written a

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solitary book but is embarking on a career as a writer, then we have something to look forward to; what, I should not like to guess.

The Iron Gates is a novel of the same general nature as *Look Down in Mercy*, being a prison-book in the same way that the other is a war-book. Mr. Scott obviously knows a great deal about prison life, its trivial details, its psychological effects, its stupidity and brutality, and its compensations, such as they are. In the upshot, this knowledge comes between him and the novel he might have written; as so often happens with first novels, the author seems to feel that since he has it by him, it is a pity not to use it. A lack of restraint both in this respect and in emotional atmosphere damages a book which has moments of reality and power, and which has the same compassion, although by no means the same detachment or coherence, as Mr. Baxter's.

The House of Breath, an American first novel, is more different from these two books than Sunset Boulevard from Mincing Lane. As it is not usual to interrupt a maiden speech, so it is not usual to review a first novel in order to condemn it. Mr. Goyen, however, has been so highly praised that he can hardly feel that the courtesies are infringed by a dissenting judgment. *The House of Breath* does not, like the English novels, "tell a story"; rather, as the publishers say, it "sets out to evoke," a small East Texas town called Charity. This evocation is attempted in a manner which seems to me to be derived from the interior monologue of Joyce, prettified, and the fantaronnades of Mr. Henry Miller, gutted: and in general to be a sad jumble of detritus from the Thirties. Here is a sample of the Joyce:

> I remember an Owal. I remember a blue Owal in a cave by the bend of this river. I saw him at twilight as we were headin home from our huntin trip. Walter Warren, Ollie Cheatham and myself (the men coughin in the tents at night; the sad dyin fire dyin down in the cold; the night with stars caught in my mosquitobar up over me, and me cold upon the ground hearin only a call of some animal off somewhere, a stream runnin on, the coughin of Walter Warren and Ollie, and the chokin of the fire . . . . .

And here is the sub-Miller:

> Oh you ain't got a chanct, you ain't got a chanct in this world. You are down in the back and got hemorrhoids and a stone in your bladder and you can't carpenter or work at the roundhouse and the garden's dry and burnin up in the burnin sun . . .

Leaving aside Joyce and Mr. Miller it appears to me that Mr. Goyen is vastly inferior as a writer to either Miss Carson McCullers or Miss Eudora Welty, whose work his own, in its attempt at directness and the innocent eye, somewhat resembles.

At this point we leave the beginners and turn to a work by one of the most distinguished of living writers, whose reputation in this country lags shamefully behind his fame in France. *The Survivor*, now translated into English by Mr. John Russell, was first published in France in 1928, and is a sequel to *The Colonel's Children*, published in England last year. Compact in its writing as it is spacious in its effect—a feeling of spaciousness, a sense of limitations abolished, is one of the characteristics of M. Supervielle's vision—this tale of Colonel Bigua's return to South America combines the most consummate purity and ease with the sharpest edge of creative individuality. Polished, poignant and subtle, it offers in prose some of the simplicity and grace of its author's poetry.

J. D. SCOTT

ADRIFT IN ADVENTUROUS SEAS

Isle of Strangers. By RALPH HAMMOND. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

Sunday Adventure. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

The Long Arctic Night. By KURT SCHMELTZER. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

Quokka Island. By LESLIE REES. *Collins.* 9s.

Terror of the Sierras. By DOUGLAS V. DUFF. *Herbert Jenkins.* 6s.

Sea Urchin's Last Charter. By DOUGLAS STANHOPE. *Blackie.* 9s. 6d.

The Pirate Destroyer. By "SEA-LION." *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

Operation Catapult. By GILBERT DALTON. *Burke.* 7s. 6d.

The Dark Sailor of Youghal. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Dent.* 9s. 6d.

The wind is roaring down the estuary, the walnut tree is tossing outside, the moonlight is shining on the turbulent waters of the Deben: "It was on just such a night as this that the Norwegian came knocking at the door." A well-worn beginning but unfailing in its immediate alarm. From this point Mr. Ralph Hammond is original, exciting and, as a boys' story-teller, he writes exceptionally well. *Isle of Strangers* is the best book on this list. Of course, boys' books are written to formula, but Mr. Hammond has had the art to disguise it. Uncle's reluctance to meddle in the Norwegian's affairs is communicated to us; we ourselves are apprehensive about them, until we are simply forced into them step by step. The abandoned cutter adrift in the North Sea, the whaling station and its peculiar Doctor whose hands smell of perfumed soap and who inoculates the too curious kind of visitor against bubonic plague, under unbubonic circumstances—all this is a good start. Here is an ingenious writer who weaves his nasty business into ordinary life with pleasant verisimilitude. He cunningly rations his breathlessness; his fear and terror are real, not machine-made. The Norwegian scene is insinuated into the action. It is also a considerable relief to meet a book without jets, atoms or demon submarines: oil is the trouble on this Norwegian island, and there is not too much barking of sawn-off guns. Indeed, some of the barking is taken over by an alarming dog called Ibsen with nasty jaws; and the villain, by a clever twist at the end, dies of a heart attack at the sight of a tommy gun and not of a burst from it. Mr. Hammond—last book *Cocos Gold*—is imaginative and head and shoulders over others in his genre.

Mr. Pudney is good, too, elaborate and inventive. Here we enter the uranium country, except that the stuff is deliciously called Quassium. (I shouldn't be surprised if there isn't really some chemical unpleasantness of this name.) *Sunday Adventure* is an "Uncle George Story"—why do fathers come so rarely into works of adventure? Is it because real emotion would then come into the story? Would the Oedipus complex add distressing, unsporting motives? Is father, too blatantly, a sitting bird? Uncle George himself is an ingenious variant on boys' uncles: he never lets on all he knows and, for rather serious reasons, is adroit at leading one up the garden. We begin harmlessly with the tale of the church bells ringing in a town under the sea off the English coast, we track the sinister schoolmaster who—if we had only known it—is really on our side. But then we would have missed the brilliant fright he gives us at the locked grille, on the subterranean railway, if we *had* known. My word—that ride, on the quarry train, under the sea itself! That awful toll of the undersea bell, the clatter, clatter of those Quassium trucks—clearly labelled "Quassium," too—and the silent driver in his electric motor who does not turn his head! Mr. Pudney's world is fantastic, where Mr. Hammond's looks real; but *Sunday Adventure* has the right kind of normal and gentle air, Mr. Pudney keeps his voice level and disarming and brings off something far above the Barton level. He is to be warmly recommended.

I put Kurt Schmeltzer's *The Long Arctic Night* very high, too. This was the kind of book which always held me when I was young. It is the story of a search for the North East passage in the sixteenth century and of an expedition cut off in the Arctic. It is in fact the tale of the Dutchman Barents who gave his name to the Barent sea. The story is based on one of those superb direct narratives of navigation which were common in the period. The picture of a winter on the ice, in the midnight sun, is very vivid:

> Strange as it may seem we found it more and more difficult to keep track of the passage of time and to determine which hour of the day or night it was. There were always some who were asleep and others who were awake and who demanded to be fed, saying "Maarten, it is midday," or "It is time now for the evening meal." Then I would hurry to the Baas who kept the ship's clock and inquire "What is the hour, Baas?" and if he said "Twelve o'clock, Maarten" I still had to ask further, "Noon or midnight, Baas?" whereupon we all laughed uproariously.

I quote this passage partly because I think it excellent, but also as a warning; the boy who only cares for the up-to-date may not care for the tone, though I am sure this is a nourishing as well as an exciting book that will stay in the mind.

I am all for inculcating a sound dose of real literary experience between one atomic explosion and the next.

Quokka Island, *Terror of the Sierras*, *Sea Urchins' Last Charter*, *The Pirate Destroyer* and *Operation Catapult*—the last two writers are known to the Children's Hour listeners, where the standard is very respectable—are less remarkable, though *Quokka Island*, an Australian story, is a well-rooted yarn. I have strong doubts of the urgent morse message which is signalled covertly by hand to a flying officer who is locked up in an Inca temple, in *Terror of the Sierras*. It is as long as a night-letter telegram and plays recklessly with the passing minutes in such sentences as "Regret offering you such long chance but better than naught." Still I suppose the word "naught" in a boys' book is a kind of trade guarantee that the author belongs to "the-pile-it-on" tradition. Temples, revolutions, the cruel criminal, the faithful gaucho, the hero home from school in Scotland: Mr. Duff rings the alarm of exotic adventure. Finally there is Patricia Lynch's *The Dark Sailor of Youghal*, very mysterious, very homely, ghost-haunted by drowned sailors and spectre ships. This is a book for Celts with too much Pegeen and Paudeen in it for me; but Miss Lynch's reputation is tremendous and, I would guess, has her audience among children with old Irish minds.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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There is a passage in *The Would-be-Goods* where Oswald Bastable, the narrator decides to tell his story in "a different way, like the books they give you for a prize at a girls' school. 'Ah me!' sighed a slender young maiden of twelve summers, removing her elegant hat and passing her tapery fingers lightly through her fair tresses, 'how sad it is—is it not?—to see able-bodied youths and young ladies wasting the precious summer hour in idleness and luxury . . .' It's no use, I can't write like these books. I wonder how the books' authors can keep it up."

Well, that was written in 1901, and certainly children are not asked to endure that particular affectation any more. On the other hand there is no E. Nesbit, or anyone like her, writing to-day, which seems more than to balance this advantage. It is hard to know how prizes, or even books as Christmas presents, are chosen nowadays for the long-suffering young. A school (presumably progressive) that I heard of recently invited a ten-year-old boy to name his own prize. He chose *The End of the Affair* by Graham Greene, that being the only book he could remember the name of; and on prize day it was presented without question, to the poor fellow's eventual sorrow and boredom.

Pre-Christmas reviews of children's books are provided by considerate journals to protect parents and other innocents from this mistake. The difficulty lies in the fact that no grown-up can tell, really, how a book will strike a child: the criteria are so utterly different. Still, an adventure story is always a good bet for most children from the age of ten upwards; only hair-breadth escapes, perhaps, can relieve the congestion and languors of Boxing Day. Luckily, there are enough in the winter's batch to suit most people.

Islands are indispensable to children's literature. They are almost as important as getting rid of all parents and grown-ups at the beginning of the story. Miss M. E. Atkinson understands this very well, and in *Castaway Camp* briskly gets the grown-up world out of the way and casts her party of children ashore on an uninhabited island in a Highland loch, to let them fend for themselves in a ruined cottage. They have to catch their own food, do their own cooking, sleep under the boat's tarpaulin and use stones for plates. This Crusoe-like existence is obviously much better than being at home; and as the adventures they fall into are both feasible and good, this is a book that can be recommended.

Wigwam Island by Elinore M. Havers has not quite, perhaps, the same air of conviction and freshness, and the parents in it (oh bother!) are neither dead nor abroad; but there is practical fishing and boat-building, and some nice wet escapes from floods. It is as well to be serious about the practical things that crop up in adventures. A boys' author who understands and honourably observes this condition is Roland Pertwee. In *Rough Water*, which is a sequel to *The Islanders*, the boys—"whose father and mother were dead" I am happy to tell you—are still fishing and shooting and riding in authentic detail, and if, after reading this book, your children don't know how to gaff a salmon, they never will. The fishing sequences are written with real passion, and this lays a solid foundation on which adventures in pursuit of an escaped convict, and some other matters, are convincingly built. This is not a girls' book: boys about twelve will love it.

An island story for older girls, which I found attractive, is *Fourwinds Island* by Vega Stewart. The heroine is about seventeen; her sole relation is an unseen grandfather who considerately dies in the first chapter and leaves her a small island with a farm, a castle and a few cottages on it. She is received by the islanders with hostility. Of course, there is a treasure concealed somewhere, though it is not all of the kind you would expect. Aided by a boy geologist and a girl gipsy, everything is brought to light, crooks are outwitted, and the islanders made friendly. Not over probable, perhaps, but that doesn't seriously worry one at fourteen.

John Newsom in *Galloway Gamble* has the temerity to allow a father to join in the children's adventures. Perhaps this is as well, for the police, to say nothing of revolvers, motor cars and aeroplanes are involved in this long scramble over the John Buchan country, which adolescents already addicted to detective fiction will find satisfactory. A more unusual theme and setting is chosen by Miss P. M. Lovell for *We Never Thought of That!* Her group of children find themselves in the south of France with no money left to continue their holiday—topical predicament indeed. They resourcefully rent an empty café, and support themselves by providing teas for American visitors and omelettes for the (surprisingly) grateful natives. This book is full of food, cooking, washing-up, and shopping in French markets. It is all made to seem great fun, and should be well received by those girls of twelve and upwards who are already beginning to fancy themselves with a frying-pan.

In *The Cat Did It* Brian Fairfax-Lucy takes a near-delinquent boy for his hero, and reclaims him, after some sordid and sad adventures, through the love of a pussy-cat rescued from the gutter. There are only two children in this book, and a great many grown-ups. Still, it is attractive, and the illustrations by Christine Rice are well above the usual level.

Few children's authors to-day have the nerve to mention magic. Elizabeth Goudge, however, is not discouraged by current trends, and in *The Valley of Song* her ten-year-old and eighteenth-century heroine knows a door into a spiritual-whimsical never-never-land, inhabited by animals, fairies, mermaids, angels and children. This is a densely wordy book, full of pretty scenes and good intentions, which grannies and aunts may enjoy rather better than the children. I would rather give a girl Noel Streatfeild's *White Boots*, which is a straightforward skating-rink story, about a child of poor (though gentle) parents, who unexpectedly finds herself on the way towards being a champion.

In the more familiar run of girls' books are *The Ballet School Mystery* by Contance M. White and Enid Blyton's *Last Term at Malory Towers*—the first set in a ballet school because, presumably, ballet is now more popular than ponies; and the other the good old vintage type (which one would have thought Arthur Marshall and Ronald Searle had made impossible) in which the girls exclaim things like "Whoosh!" and play terribly daring japes with Mademoiselle's hairpins. These books are very difficult for a grown-up to judge. They might be absolutely wizard for somebody of eleven.

Margaret Lane

TO LOOK, AND READ ALOUD

Tim and Charlotte. By Edward Ardizzone. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
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Closer and closer is pressed the assault on the innocent eye. Flickering hail-storms threaten the child from the menacing cabinet in the neighbour's drawing-room; enormous lips leer at him from the cinema posters on his way to school; too young yet for the real *Alice*, he has no defence against the giant travesties that are this year's symbol of the commercial Christmas. There is no danger whatever of any town child leading an aesthetically cloistered life. Crudeness, vulgarity and distraction will come his way often enough, whether we care or not; the least we can do to redress the balance is to make sure of some standard of looks in the pictures and objects we deliberately put in his way. The illustrations in the books listed above vary greatly in quality, from those with style and charm, to the insipid, the conventional or the dull: but none of them make concessions to vulgarity, or knowingness, or odious sentimentality. A negative recommendation, perhaps: but three times the number of books were sifted to get even this result, and unspeakable horrors—

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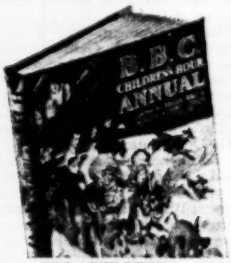

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

synthetic animals, bloated gnomes and fairies with all the pertness of the street-corner-girl—lie round the reviewer's feet as she gets to work on the chosen remnant on the desk.

The winner among the mainly-picture-books is *Tim and Charlotte*. It is a very simple little story—a child washed up by the sea turns out to be a poor little rich orphan who peaks and pines till returned to her humble rescuers—that makes its mark by neat observations of attitude and character. "Fishy would be better," mutters the jealous Ginger when the family discuss what they are to call the waif: the rich Aunt Agatha's condescension is touched off in the poise of her tea-cup. When Mr. Ardizzone distorts, it is not in the interest of fashion or grown-up humour: he is merely driving home an important point in the story. Charlotte, in her rich home, dwindles almost as Alice did after eating the mushroom: that is to show how really heartbroken she is at being separated from Tim. Mr. Ardizzone so clearly believes in every detail of his story that I can't think of the child who could resist him.

Inspiration is rather more fitful in Miss Irene Hawkins's line-drawings to *The Tooter*, but Miss Diana Ross never flags in the story-telling. Out of a familiar background—Johnny and Caroline and William the baby who live in a house with parents, a cat, a tricycle and building blocks—she sallies out into adventure and fantasy. She is particularly good at drawing out the ritual quality children like on important family occasions: when John and Caroline (in a story which suggests a useful piece of mythology, that new babies arrive with presents for their older brothers and sisters) rush round telling the village that William has been born, their words and actions are highly realistic: but in the narrative, as each encounter adds another repetition of the dominant motive, they acquire the satisfactory cumulative effect of the fairy story. The stories would take from about five to fifteen minutes to read aloud; those in *Yours Ever, Sam Pig* (which only just scrapes by on pictures) rather longer. I find Sam Pig engaging, with the compelling quality of the believed-in creature, and I much prefer him to Miss Uttley's Potter and Grahame pastiches.

There is a consistency of invention, too, about both the stories and line-drawings (by John Ward) in *The Adventures of So Hi*, though I don't think that the "dainty little fairy, with wings like petals" who speaks in rather bad doggerel, quite fits in with the dragons and kites. Perhaps readers of this journal should be warned that we are back in Imperial China; and that names run to Way Ling (a kitten) Bow Low (a servant) and Lo Eel (a shoemaker); otherwise, facetiousness is under control.

So far the prose has been friendly and brisk: no difficult words, no murmurous undertones. Miss Barbara Leonie Picard is not afraid of archaism or poetry, though she does not avoid a trace of ponderousness in her heightened vocabulary and rhythms: and her fairy stories, which draw considerably on mythology, are not so much entertainments as openings into the world of the instinctive, irrational and magical. Charles Stewart's black-and-white pictures are openings too, drawing the reader into the forest, the seacove, the enchanted valley, offering—as Cruickshank did in his illustrations to Grimm, as H. J. Ford did in the Andrew Lang books—mysterious vistas for the imagination to work on.

That deeper level of imagination is touched again in *The Mousewife*—oddly, because mice are usually personified as practical rather than romantic creatures. But Miss Rumer Godden, starting from a true story of Dorothy Wordsworth's, has succeeded in giving a mouse immortal longings. The mousewife wants she knows not what; she befriends a caged dove:

> "Not to be able to run in and out, or climb up the larder to get at the cheese!" . . . The mousewife could only think of it as a mouse, but she could feel as the dove could feel.

When, by hanging on the latch of his cage she frees him, and sees him soaring off in the starlight, something has been given to her too. William Pène du Bois's sensitive, shadowy drawings do full justice to an unusual and captivating tale.

Miss Clewes's squirrels, hares, foxes and hedgehogs are daylight animals, who unlike the mousewife have no difficulty in thinking as human beings, but they act out their adventures briskly with—not necessarily a recommendation, this!—none of the occasional unusual words that lent interest to the chronicles of Pigling Bland and the Flopsy Bunnies. Nor do they, like these enchanted creatures, inhabit a real countryside, whose character speaks out in the shape of a basket or the colour of a stone wall; but Miss Patricia Turner has done her best to give them a setting with at least identifiable trees and flowers. She, too, has drawn the pictures in the peep-show book (six scenes) of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*. All have moved with the times: the house would not look out of place in a New Town, the little bear wears red rompers and his pillow is embroidered Baby (I couldn't, however, spot that his parents' had HIS and HERS). I could have done with a little more suspense and terror in the telling and the pictures, but nothing spoils the pleasure of unfolding these delightfully ingenious book-toys.

Finally, on the fairly sophisticated child (the really sophisticated child doesn't usually want children's books at all) one *might* register a hit with *The 'Possum That Didn't*, a very spirited slap at ballyhoo and advertising and the sheer stupidity of the human race: or with the slightly mad but compelling *Adventures of Peddy Bottom*: entirely indescribable happenings of a doggy human, illustrated by suitably dotty—or inspired?—line drawings.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE OTHER GERMANY

The Eastern Zone and Soviet Policy in Germany. By J. P. NETTL. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

One can accept other Moscow Satellites, but there has always been something unconvincing about the Soviet Zone of Germany, with its hand-picked Communist Government, its "Peace" campaigns and its indoctrinated German youth now marching the streets in blue shirts instead of the former brown. Yet one need only cross the East-West frontier in Berlin to see that this German regime is real enough. The Red Flags, the posters with Stalin's portrait, the inscriptions "Here Begins the Democratic and Peace-loving Germany"—they are all there, just as one has read. The streets beyond the posters have an unmistakable air of dull shabbiness. Moreover, while Communist papers sell freely in Western Berlin, here, in these streets of East Berlin the mere carrying of a German Social-Democrat paper can bring arrest: one is within the frontiers of the other civilisation.

How describe this civilisation? In his serious and detailed study of Soviet policy in Germany, Mr. Nettl has tried hard to tackle the task with the proper academic approach and to present the Soviet Zone in terms of sober fact and figures. Inevitably, however, his documentation has had to be largely a paste and scissors job, derived from Communist and other German newspapers and reports. The result is a somewhat artificial impartiality; Mr. Nettl, I think, also underrates both the impact of Nazism and the harshness of a Communist regime. In spite of this, however, the clear lesson of his book is of the danger of continued Russian totalitarian rule over one-third of a divided Germany.

It is an interesting question why the Soviet rulers failed to impose a true Satellite-type Communist regime on Eastern Germany, as they might well have done in the flush of victory of 1945-6, when the defeated Germans watched the Red Army from behind shuttered windows, passively waiting for the next step. There were, of course, obvious obstacles such as the Oder-Neisse frontier and counter-influences from the West, but Mr. Nettl also emphasises the decisive political consequences of Moscow's Reparations

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policy. From a Russian standpoint this policy, involving the ruthless stripping of the Soviet Zone to pay for at least part of Russia's war damage, was easily understandable. None the less, it conflicted sharply with the international Marxist belief that a nation under a new, revolutionary working-class regime bore no responsibility for the crimes of its former capitalist or Fascist oppressors. This conflict between accepted Communist doctrine and actual Soviet-Russian practice dealt the German Communists a blow from which they never recovered. For by the time Russian Reparations demands were toned down, the German Communist leaders found themselves facing a Western Germany where the Potsdam restrictions were already in the dustbin, and remarkable economic recovery was keeping pace with new national self-assertion. It was too late for them to achieve popular backing: as a result, the East German Communists have become mere instruments for furthering Soviet aims in Germany.

In a number of well-documented chapters, Mr. Nettl traces these political and economic developments in the Zone from 1945 up to the establishment of the East German Communist Government with its plebiscites, its censorship and its para-military police troops (the *Bereitschaften*). In spite of all that had been done, Mr. Nettl found that as late as 1950 the whole Soviet system in the Zone appeared "curiously ephemeral," with the obstinate middle-class character of German society still showing through all the cracks.

During the last two years the Russians have tended to use the Zone increasingly as a mere base and bargaining counter in political operations against the West. Thus, early this year, the screw of repression was turned tighter; under new laws mere passive support of Western policies became punishable with life imprisonment or death, and the anti-Western indoctrination of German youth was stepped up to a new pitch of stridency. At the same time, however, Herr Grotewohl was instructed to hold out offers of eventual unity to the Western Germans. Yet inevitably these new Russian repressive measures have already served to strengthen the wilder kinds of German nationalism in the West. The whole of Mr. Nettl's study, indeed, reinforces the conclusion that if the Russians are genuinely ready for any bargain which would end the anomaly of their anti-democratic rule in Germany without endangering Western security, the sooner the bargain is achieved the better. The price to be paid for it in concessions to German nationalism is already dangerously high.

T. R. FYVEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Red China in Perspective. By JOHN BLOFELD. *Wingate.* 12s. 6d.

The panorama of Chinese history bewitches Sinologues; they cannot describe the contemporary scene without guiding their readers through those five millenna. John Blofield is a good guide, concise and resolutely factual. When he suspects inattention he responds by giving an unadorned chronology. Before reaching the observation tower from which he can point to the Red Land of promise, he wins our appreciation of its contours by telling the story of Chinese Communism. It is the more convincing because the author is not a Communist; he is "a great lover of China and the Chinese." Whilst he is full of praise for Communist courage, their discipline and their achievements in the Yenan days, he attributes the speed of their post-war success to the miserable corruption and incompetence of the Kuomintang. Writing as an eye-witness, he tells "the truth about Chunking" without pulling any punches. The most devastating allegation concerns the device by which Madame Chiang Kai-shek's glamour and Methodism were exploited to misuse "the pennies and twopences of schoolchildren and the sixpences of old ladies [in England] who had made real sacrifices in order that China's millions of displaced persons might receive a little tangible comfort." It is a nasty story. The highlights of Communist success may seem, in his description, a little roseate just as the colours of sunrise may look unnaturally violent after a thunderous night. *Red China* provides a valuable perspective in which to look at Chinese Communism; we see how and why it won by its own efforts and not, as some suggest, by the assistance of its Soviet neighbour.

Occupation: Writer. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

It is curious to discover from this book that what its author wrote 25 years ago as a startling young man, still has the power to startle, and, even now, to inform. Specifically, it is a collection of short stories, plays, miscellaneous essays and fragments written between 1926 and to-day; but, with its chronological arrangement, it serves also as a kind of guide to Mr. Graves's progress over the quarter century.

He is, as he says, a poet who makes his living by writing "history disguised as novels": his interests—social, etymological, military and others—have led him into a number of fields which are fairly unvisited by poets and novelists, and of which these writings are very often the explorer's by-products. One essay, for instance, concerns his quest for the original Thomas Atkins (eighteenth-century military history); another, brilliantly comical, traces still earlier through history the family tree of Colonel Blimp. A third describes the Roman world during the life of Christ. There is a dialogue on Incest and a play (his weakest form) on homosexuality. There are three strikingly good short stories; one (a terrifying study called *The Shout*) set in a mental asylum; one in the Antarctic; one in present-day rural Spain. *Lars Porsena*, originally published as a short book, is on Swearing; *Mrs. Fisher* is a study of Humour. Independent, irritable, humane; scholarly, scandalous, witty, Mr. Graves (we are reminded) is one of our most original living writers, with gifts more than equal to his versatility. The price of this volume is modest for the samples of both that it offers.

Seven Major Decisions. By SUMNER WELLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Mr. Sumner Welles makes no bones about his reason for writing this intimate account of seven major decisions with which he was concerned during his time as Roosevelt's Under Secretary of State. It is to show "how fantastic some of the falsehoods currently being published" about Roosevelt really are. The book is in fact vigorous advocacy for Roosevelt rather than a wholly dispassionate record. The seven decisions cover an abortive proposal in 1937 that Roosevelt, in a last attempt to avert war, should take the initiative in formulating a code of international conduct and plans for a systematic reduction in armaments; the post-1940 policy towards Vichy; Far Eastern policy before Pearl Harbour; the Rio Conference of the Pan-American Foreign Ministers in 1942; the postponement until after the war of territorial decisions between the Big Four; Far Eastern policy from Pearl Harbour to Hiroshima; and Roosevelt's conception of the United Nations.

The story of the Rio conference, in which Sumner Welles played the leading part, is of absorbing interest and told in such detail as to throw a dramatic light on his bitter feud with the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. The final chapter, "Policy for Today," is an attempt at a critique of the Truman era, seen through Roosevelt's eyes. Some of the comments here are of great cogency and ring of the authentic Roosevelt. Others, for instance the animadversions on Communist China, are so riddled with logical fallacy as to make one wonder whether the concluding chapter was not added as a piece of special pleading, designed to square the author with the Washington witch-hunters. Roosevelt, after all, is dead, and only his memory can be defamed. Sumner Welles is alive and can be forced on to the witness stand.

English Society in the Early Middle Ages. By DORIS MARY STENTON. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

The choice of contributors to the Pelican History of England has ensured that the standard of scholarship is high, and the freedom given to contributors has been justified by the liveliness and vigour of most of the volumes so far published. Lady Stenton's volume on the period from the Norman Conquest to the death of

Edward I is distinguished both by the unusual quality of her scholarship and by the boldness with which she has used her freedom. This is history with war and politics left out. Any schoolboy can point accusingly to the omissions: no account of the political conflicts which led to civil war under John, of the revolutionary dictatorship of Simon de Montfort, nor of the campaigns and legislation of Edward I. Instead, after reviewing briefly the growth of royal government, Lady Stenton describes the variegated and changing structure of English society during these two and a half centuries.

What the schoolboy will not know and the critic may not realise—for Lady Stenton is much too modest to tell them—is that her vividly and simply written pages make a great deal of new and hard-won knowledge available, and that she, like the great seventeenth-century scholars, is writing from familiarity with the rolls and charters in which men's daily transactions were recorded. Individuals and communities come startlingly alive in these pages: King John with his mercurial intelligence and love of clothes and jewels; magnates building up their estates in the marriage market; villagers in widely differing conditions of work and status, some rising to become prosperous kulaks and others taking to poaching and petty crime. Only a very learned reader will identify all the sources used in this book: only a very dull reader will fail to enjoy this attractively written account of a period when, as Lady Stenton says, "Human nature was as infinitely varied as it is to-day."

Home Cooking. By HILDA M. WHITLOW. *Country Life*. 18*s*.

Fare Wisely and Well. By AMBROSE HEATH. *Ward Lock*. 15*s*.

Cook It the Farmhouse Way. By BARBARA WILCOX. *Wingate*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Sweets and their Sauces. By ROSEMARY HUME. *Chatto & Windus*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The danger presented to the good life by present scarcities is that the quantities of interesting *matériel* which penetrate to the ordinary cook through the barriers of rationing and high prices are so small that he (or she) loses heart: how much simpler just to try the weekly chop or the effortless kipper! It is salutary, therefore, now and then to buy a new cook-book, not so much for the acquisition of fresh knowledge as for the re-stimulation of appetite and interest. For this purpose, both the two larger books listed above can be recommended. The first, compiled from recipes which have appeared over the last nine years in *Homes and Gardens* is perhaps the more instructive for the beginner: Ambrose Heath (a decade's collection from *The Queen*) is apt to assume a certain amount of elementary knowledge of techniques.

Both emphasise the importance of sauces in "rationed" cuisine; and, having regard to the shortage of meat, both sensibly give much space to dishes of fish and eggs, as well as soups. With its considerable sections devoted to cake and biscuit making and the conduct of the still-room, Mrs. Whitlow's cooking anthology is designed, one would say, rather for the country house than the small London flat; and the same applies to the jolly *Farmhouse Way* collection of old, trusty recipes for bread, scones and bannocks, cakes and jams. For the relatively impecunious urban gourmet, Mr. Heath is admirable: observe, for instance, his cunning advice about the treatment of stewing beef with anchovy sauce, and his ingenuity in disguising cod. For specialists in sweets, Rosemary Hume has produced an excellent little guide, though her recipes inevitably make a heavy demand on the egg ration.

The Autobiography of a Working Man. By ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE. Edited by JOHN CARSWELL. *Turnstile Press*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Somerville, the Scots Grey. The recruit who became a popular hero for the flogging he received after writing a letter to a newspaper saying that the troops would not fire on reform demonstrators. Somerville, sometime farm-hand, ditch-digger, logger, Cobdenite journalist, soldier in the Carlist War, almost certainly an informer and police spy, and ultimately a soured forgotten pauper eking out his last days in Canada. In his autobiography, a shadowy figure from the margins of the history books comes alive. Apart from his fascinating picture of working-class and Army life in the 1820s and 1830s—and his account of his childhood and adolescence alone make this book worth reading—Somerville deserves attention as a *character*.

He was a prig: his book is full of self-praise for moderation, abstinence, respectability. He distrusted and denounced the radical reformers he knew, as swindlers, demagogues and self-seekers, and took pride in betraying them. He was quarrelsome. There is an undertone of jingoism throughout his writing. He seems, in short, to lie somewhere between Cobbett and Blatchford, though lacking the personality of one and the integrity of the other. He never seems to have realised that he was corrupted by his own vanity. Mr. Carswell's admirable and concise introduction sets Somerville neatly into the pattern of his times. Some unnecessary material has sensibly been omitted from this edition, while Mr. Carswell has restored certain passages that Somerville deleted from later editions in his own lifetime. Either as a source book on its period, or as an engaging personal history, this revealing autobiography makes a welcome return to circulation.

Londoners. By MAURICE GORHAM. *Percival Marshall*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Tide of London. By MERVYN SAVILL. *Britannicus Liber*. 45*s*.

Mr. Gorham has a nice, quiet eye. What he picks out from the London scene may be rarely in itself remarkable; his preferences are for the more obvious aspects. Trafalgar Square pigeons, Soho restaurants, Lord's after lunch and Covent Garden in the morning, Hampstead Heath, the City, the parks, the big railway stations—these have attracted him as the inevitable commonplaces. He submits each to a light scrutiny. People—Londoners—singly or in a crowd, are *his* Trafalgar Square pigeon, and our strangely amorphous nature is pursued through queueing, shopping, lunching, pin-table saloons, and the Pullman for Brighton. He notices the business lunch in which everyone is happily enjoying oysters at the Treasury's expense; the Tottenham Court Road Corner House provides him with his most engaging visit; he wonders serenely about those bystanders who are always well-informed on the movements of Royalty, and measures the aesthetic claims of ruin and pre-fab. In fact, he gets about as we all get about our thousand and one streets, with a sort of lost at-homeness or nomadic relish. His companion with a sketch-pad is the pubable Ardizzone.

Tide of London gives an agreeably bustling impression of London's river through the centuries. Mr. Savill has consulted all the authorities, and yet remains passionately interested. His illustrations, mostly from the nineteenth century, are unusually well chosen, with three sombrely luminous Dorés, a couple of rarely seen Whistlers, and William Parrett, whose sketch-book heads are as delightful as his views over the water.

Library Review No. 100. Glasgow, *Quarterly*. 3*s*.

The winter number of this vigorous quarterly, edited by R. D. Macleod, marks the completion of its twenty-fifth year. The avowed object, when it was founded in 1927, was to provide a periodical for librarians different from any existing journal. It was broader based, was not confined to professionalism, and paraded its obvious warm-hearted love of books. Its independence and impartiality attracted distinguished contributors from literary as well as professional circles, who had something to say and knew they could say it freely in *Library Review*.

What the ratio of its readers is between professional librarians and others will probably never be known, but it is fair to say that on its merits *Library Review* has always had a large number of readers simply interested in books. At times aggressive and occasionally wrong-headed this periodical must have been regarded often as a stone in the shoes of those skilled, disinterested and patient public servants, the librarians. An examination of its early numbers would surely prove that its heresies of yester-year have become the commonplaces of to-day. The current issue is typical, containing several interesting articles in addition to the regular reviews and useful classified lists of new books.

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Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK (DOMINION, COLONIAL & OVERSEAS)

LARGER DEPOSITS AND PROFIT

The twenty-sixth ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held in London on December 28.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to September 30, 1951:—

The most striking feature in our figures this year is the increase of more than £60,000,000 in the total of our deposits. While this is in part a reflection of general inflationary tendencies and, in particular, of the sharp rise in the prices of many of the staple commodities which are produced in territories which the Bank serves, it also results, in part, from fresh business connections and an expanding branch system. Some of the branches which we have recently opened have made surprisingly rapid progress, and during the year we have opened numerous other branches which we hope, in time, will show favourable developments. The increase in advances to customers has become more marked in recent months and can be described as being well spread over our whole branch system.

The striking increase in our principal earning assets has exerted a marked influence on the Bank's earnings during the period, and we are pleased to be able to report a substantial increase in the net profit figure after making the usual provisions.

A capital stock bonus was recently sanctioned by the Capital Issues Committee and details have been circulated to the stockholders. It will be necessary, for the purpose of giving effect to this proposal, for you to approve a resolution increasing the authorised capital from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000, and another authorising the capitalisation of a part of the reserve fund to permit the issue of one new share to the holders of every £4 of stock. It is also proposed to make a call of £1 on the "B" shares. This will produce £500,000 of fresh money to augment the capital.

At the time of writing it is impossible to say whether dividend limitation is to be introduced, but if this were to happen it might be necessary for us to reduce the nominal rate of dividend to a figure which would ensure that the total amount of dividend received by stockholders did not exceed the figure paid out in recent years. This would be unfair in the case of our stockholders who have received only moderate increases in dividend, while the business of the Bank, and its internal strength, has gradually been built up.

The figure that now has to be set aside for taxation represents a crushing burden. Taxation on such a scale cannot fail to exert an inflationary influence over the whole economy. While reducing on the one hand the reward for initiative and effort and so discouraging production, on the other hand it encourages waste and extravagance.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. SCHUBERT: No. 3, D major; J. C. BACH: Sinfonia, E flat major (Thor Johnson/Cincinnati Sym Orch. *LXT 2604). Schubert's Third Symphony, though not fully characteristic, is a most delightful work, saturated with the atmosphere of Vienna. This is a good performance, and though insufficiently recessed, the recording is better than the Nixa LP of the same work (paired with Schubert's Quartetsatz—only nine minutes for a complete side!). The Sinfonia is a conventional piece with a touch of real feeling in the slow movement. DVORAK: No. 5 ("From the New World") (New Sym Orch/Jorda. *LXT 2608). Unsatisfactory: a routine performance, dimly recorded. Hold on to the excellent Philharmonia/Galliera set (Col). HELY-HUTCHINSON: Carol Symphony (Metropole Sym Orch/Van der Linden. Paxton GTR 126-8). Bright, hearty music, quite unpretentious and beautifully written in a traditional nineteenth-century style. The slow movement, with its frosty little harp figure, is extremely evocative. The work is creditably played, and the recording sounds quite well with plenty of top cut.

Concertos. MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto (Stern/Philadelphia/Ormandy. LX 1455-7). A hard, unpleasant recording, which does less than justice to Isaac Stern's splendid tone. The whole work is pushed through by Ormandy in the modern virtuoso manner, and to my mind ruined in the process. Though clearly a lesser violinist, Campoli (Decca) handles the lovely music in a more suitable and more expressive style. TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin Concerto. (Heifetz/Philharmonia/Susskind. DB 21228-31). Another disappointment. Until the Finale, which he plays with confounding brilliance, Heifetz gives me the impression that he is thinking of something else. The result is merely dull, and the tone of the recording on the whole dry and papery. The Stern set (Col) is on balance much better, and the Ricci LP better still. FRANK MARTIN: *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, for harp, harpischord, piano and two string orchestras (Jamet/Vaucher-Clerc/Rossiaud/Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet); STRAVINSKY: Divertimento—*Le Baiser de la Fée* (Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. *LXT 2631). This is one of the best recorded LP's I ever heard. The triple concerto is among the most imaginative works of our time, contrasting and combining the related sonorities in a texture that is endlessly fascinating. Though frowned upon (I suspect because it is too pretty) by wholehearted admirers of Stravinsky, the Divertimento seems to me a very winning little work. The thematic material is nearly all taken from Tchaikovsky, but the exquisite scoring bears the imprint of the later master. HINDEMITH: Concert Music for Brass and Strings; Concerto for Horn and Orch. (Koch/Vienna Sym Orch/Haefner. Nixa *SPLP 5115). The Concert Music, which dates from 1930, is a fine but rather sombre piece. The Horn Concerto, composed in 1949, is much lighter in vein. The clue to the poetic slow movement is provided by some German verses spoken by a female voice over a fermata. The solo is well, but not superlatively, played, and the recording of both pieces is distinctly good, though I should have liked a rather more solid string tone in the first work. This is a valuable and most interesting coupling. HAYDN: Concerto, F minor, for violin and harpsichord (Pougnet/Salter/London Baroque Orch/Haas. R 20594-6). Geiringer rightly calls this concerto "unassuming," but Haydn is never really dull; the work is full of attractive moments and is furthermore distinguished by a flawless performance from Lionel Salter, whose runs and decorations are as spick as a new pin. If the violin (excellently played) were not a little too near the microphone, this would be a double-star recording. HAYDN: Sinfonia Concertante, B flat major, Op. 84, for oboe, bassoon, violin and cello (Danish State Radio Orch/Busch. C 4122-4). Again, not first-rate Haydn. There is some sensitive solo playing, but not always note-perfect and the violin tone is very reedy. The balance is good but the recording somewhat acid. The fill-up consists of Nos. 1 and 4 of Mozart's charming *Fünf Kontretänze*.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WEBER: *Oberon*—Overture (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB 21104). Finely conducted, this performance is vivid and sensitive. The recording is not very comfortable, but it is at the moment of writing the only recommendable one, as the Beecham disc now sounds too old and dim. BRAHMS: Academic Festival Overture (LPO/Boult. DB 9670-1). This set is exceedingly well played and recorded, but it is doubtful whether readers will want to go to the expense of an extra disc (with a not very interesting fill-up—Brahms' Hungarian Dances Nos. 17 and 18), since the LSO/Krauss version on one disc (Decca) is very little inferior. SCHNABEL: Rhapsody (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX 8843-4). This strange work, which I believe to be a product of the great pianist's last years, has all the air of being a 12-note composition in the style of Berg rather than of Schoenberg. This very complicated music employs all the resources of a large orchestra, and the more restrained moments are curiously beautiful; but even a free use of the frivolous tambourine fails to lighten the heavily intellectual atmosphere or to mitigate the general impression of petulant gloom. However, the piece is clearly not negligible, and I would urge discophiles to hear it for themselves, particularly as it is very convincingly played and admirably recorded. FRENCH OVERTURES: BERLIOZ: *Benvenuto Cellini*; LALO: *Le Roi d'Ys*; MASSENET: *Phèdre* and *Werther*; SAINT-SAENS: *La Princesse Jaune* (Opera-Comique Orch/Wolff. *LXT 2625). There's a lot of attractive music in this omnium gatherum—so much, in fact, and so well played that I strongly advise readers to put up with the sometimes rather badly distorted brass tone and the general effect of over-recording.

Chamber Music and Piano. VERDI: Quartet; SCHUMANN: Quartet, F major, Op. 41, No. 2 (New Italian Qt. *LXT 259). An excellent record. Verdi's single contribution to chamber music is often looked down upon by musicians, but for the life of me I cannot see why—except on the grounds that a quartet must always be thoroughly polyphonic. Regarded simply as music it is enchanting, and this performance does it full justice. The Schumann work is the reverse of spontaneous, and the players are too Italian to bring out its serious teutonic quality. Recording good. BLOCH: Piano Quintet (Quintetto Chigiano. *LXT 2626). This sombre and mysterious quintet is by common consent Bloch's finest work in sonata form, and its stature does not diminish with the years. Performance and recording first-rate. FAURÉ: *Elégie*, cello and piano (Fournier/Lush. DB 21333). I have nothing but praise for this splendidly authentic record. The piece is a grave meditation of great beauty, very characteristic of Fauré in his early, romantic phase. Do not miss this. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, B flat major, Op. 106 (Gulda. *LXT 2624). This is very much a young man's idea of the "Hammerklavier"—agile, sensitive in the extreme, conscientious, but rhythmically rigid and lacking intellectual depth. Nevertheless, I strongly recommend this disc, for, with all its faults, the performance is beautifully musical and the recording most faithful. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, F minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata") (Malcuzynski. LX 1459-61). A very ham performance, with nasty hard tone, too little bass and heavy surfaces. The general impression of false eloquence is aggravated by an almost total lack of dynamic variety, especially in the Finale, which is delivered from beginning (marked *pp*) to end in a strenuous forte. On the whole I prefer the Victor Schiöler set of this sonata (HMV Special Order) to any other, though his Finale is rather too staid. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, C minor, Op. 13 ("Pathétique") (Solomon. C 4117-9). Oh dear! This recording seems to have caught Solomon on an off day. His performance appears to me deeply uninteresting, and matters are not improved by a piano tone as shallow, and surfaces as heavy, as in the new "Appassionata." The Fischer set is altogether preferable and occupies only four sides, to Solomon's five (the fill-up is Couperin's *Le Carillon de Cythère*, prettily enough played). Readers are advised that Schnabel's recordings of OPP. 109 and 111 (i.e., the deleted vol. I of the Beethoven Sonata Society) have now been reissued in separate form. BACH: Chorale Preludes: "Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland" and "Ich ruf' zu dir" (Lipatti. LX 1427). Beautifully balanced, personal playing, only slightly spoilt by the typical faults of tape recording. SCHUBERT: Impromptus, E flat major and G major, Op. 90, Nos. 2 and 3 (Schnabel. DB 21335). Not nearly so good as last month's issue of No. 1. Though labelled "G major," No. 3 is here played in the original key of G flat—not, to my mind, an improvement. In any case, the accompaniment figure does not run on ball bearings, as it essentially should—and does in the Fischer version, where, moreover, the tune is really *sung*. Schnabel's style was not simple and lyrical enough for a piece of this kind.

Vocal. PUCCINI: *La Bohème*—complete opera (Prandelli / Tebaldi / Gueden / Inghilleri / Arié / Santa Cecilia Orch/Erede. *LXT 2622-3). This recording really is complete, as well as being far the best performed of the LP operas issued since *Fledermaus*. The singing is always competent, at times quite admirable, and the score is beautifully handled. The balance is mostly good, but I should have liked a little more bass, especially at the beginning. A pity, too, that Hilde Gueden (the excellent Musetta) is placed too near the microphone. But do not let these small defects deter you from investing in the set. PERGOLESI: *Stabat Mater* (Augenstein/Plümacher/Stuttgart Choral Society and Ton-Studio Orch/Grischkat. Nixa. *SPLP 530). A competent and well-

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recorded performance which does not, however, rise beyond a good routine level. Both soloists have pleasant voices, but their intonation is not ideal. The organ has an oddly pleasing, owl-like tone. On balance I prefer this recording to the Decca SP. BLISS: *Pastoral* ("Lie strewn the white flocks") (Evans/B.B.C. Chorus/Jacques String Orch. AX 565-8). An uneven work, in which some dully conventional choral writing alternates with orchestral interludes and solo sections of charming imagination. I like particularly "The Pigeon's Song" where Nancy Evans's tranquil solo is beautifully balanced with the liquid decorations of Gareth Morris's flute. The recording is somewhat shrill and there is a tendency for the choir to drown the strings. BELLINI: *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*—"Oh! quante volte"; MASSENET: *Manon*—"Addio o nostro piccol desco" (Carosio. DB 21336). The lovely, and now almost unknown, Bellini aria is practically the same as "Dopo l'oscuro nembo," from *Adelson e Salvini*, a very early opera by the same composer. It is sung with touching sincerity, if not with complete command of legato. Mme Carosio's rendering of Manon's air is ridiculously slow and out of style. VERDI: *Otello*—"Ave Maria"; *Aida*—"O patria mia" (Martinis. LX 1463). Carla Martinis has a beautiful, if immature voice and she is faithfully served by the engineers; but her delivery of these arias is a perfect example of the depths of bad taste to which Italian operatic style has now sunk. CARISSIMI: *Piangete anre* (Gatti/String Quartet. DA 1945). This beautiful lament is sung with style and feeling, but the slow gait of the music requires a steadier tone than Mme Gatti commands. Still, this record yields a good deal of pleasure. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—"Urna fatale" (Warren. DB 21297) a well-made disc and the only complete recording of the scena available. Tito Gobbi's truncated version is better sung, but Leonard Warren gives a dignified and dramatic, if rather rough, performance, and the balance is excellent.

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Report by G. W. Stonier

Not new-mown hay but frying bacon has been very much in the wind; and after bacon, onions, coffee, and new bread, with pot-pourri a lagging fifth. This is naked appetite. Only the most impassioned verse could carry it off. Other noses, more in tune with pen, sought out rare smells along the corridors, alleys and hedgerows, smells richly associative, stinks elevated to the rapture of scents. Among the pure smells, discovered or recovered for me on paper, I liked especially those of coal carts, witch-hazel, the first frost, snuffed candles, house-painter's tackle, sun-dried linen, cut mushroom, tobacco flowers at dusk and wild honeysuckle, and the "sirocco invitation to travel" (Stanley J. Sharpless) of the Underground. Agreeable also was the whiff of Nancy Gunter's old theatre—

> As though weird bakers
> With zeal profound
> Made dark plum-cakes
> In the Underground—

and Rhoda Tuck Pook's

> . . . hot, dark smell of printing
> When the paper's put to bed.

Nor must I leave unmentioned Waytee's relish

> In a quiet meander, down Westminster way,
> Of the Tories cooking their goose.

The first prize (of three guineas) is awarded to F.C.C. for either of her entries, both printed; a second prize of two guineas is shared between the Rev. J. P. Stevenson and Colin Watson; and a third prize of a guinea divided goes to CID., Pat Bullen, and P.M.

THE END OF THE PARTY

Banish the scent of sherry or cigars;
Open the shutters; quench the cultured light;
Let in the air. Ah, fresher than the stars
The rank primeval innocent smell of night.

F.C.C.

WINTER TEA-TIME

"The thing in Heaven," you said,
(With fire-lit head
Close to the coals and fork and warm, sliced bread)
"The thing in Heaven one will miss the most
May well be something like the smell of toast."
Say, is it, silent ghost?

F.C.C.

Our turn to relieve "B" Company again.
Through the neutrality of rain
We traverse womanless sullen hills
Back to the burnt-out farm where we buried
Sgt. Mills.

Thyme, in this desert, from twelve years away
Brings the mirage of a June day:
My sister probes rock pools, while I
Watch white birds wheeling in a Mary-mantle
sky.

J. P. STEVENSON

B.O. so strict Society's decree
That nasal sense be cheated,
O.B. no slave, my love, to chemistry:
True lovers ever sweated.
O.B.dience to Nature should as well
B.O.ed to those who cherish Nature's smell.

COLIN WATSON

That day is well begun when first on waking
I smell the perfect toast my love is making;
and well it ends if walking past my neighbours
on my return, my senses tell she's baking.
Thus deeply do I love her for her labours
and so profoundly am I to her wed
that guilt assails me when my nostril savours
in some strange part, the odour of new bread.

CID

"They tell me Brown's retiring next month."

"Lucky chap to be able to afford it!"

Not lucky, really—just sensible. He had a Scottish Mutual Personal Pension Policy easily paid for from his annual income. Now he will enjoy a reasonable standard of living in his retirement. Write for further details to:

The Scottish Mutual Assurance Society Ltd.

DEPT. P, 109 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

I love that woodsy mensy scent
That just for mensy men is meant
—Some open-airsy moorsy gent
Who comes a bit expensive :
It's advertised so whimsy well
That peatsy smell should sell like hell
To Mumsy's precious ; it's a smell
Makes flimsy men extensive.

PAT BULLEN

It would not please the Bisto twins
And Quoodle had no nose for it.
Despite its doubtful origins
I'd swap the sweetest rose for it.
It has the bouquet of champagne
And mink and frangipanni,
O let me sniff it once again—
The smell of easy money!

P. M.

CHESS : Home-made Endgames

No. 114

Readers have readily responded to my request for their most interesting endgames ; but my offer of the usual chessbook-token for every entry printed is still open and shall be for some time because I hope to return to the subject more than once. This position was reached by G. Smith (White) at the adjournment of a match game. Smith modestly disclaims some of the glory since it was the adjudicator, none less than Broadbent who found the forced win.

(1)	Kt-K6 ch	K-B2
(2)	Kt-B7 ch	Kt x B
(3)	Q x Kt ch	K-Q2
(4)	Q-Q6 ch	K-K1
(5)	Q-K6 ch	K-B1
(6)	Kt-K5	Q-Kt2
(7)	Q-B6 ch	K-K1
(8)	Q-R8 ch	etc.

A story against himself is told by A. J. Head who (playing White) reached this position in a correspondence game against A. V. Young. He should have retreated the attacked Kt to K2 and his mistake of playing it to K4, was drastically punished.

(1)	. . .	R x R ch
(2)	Q x R	P-K7 !
(3)	Q x P	Q x R
(4)	Kt x P	Q - K6 ch etc.

Here is a position F. Kaufmann (White) reached in a match game, with this instructive sequel.

(28)	Kt-Kt3	K-B2
(29)	B-K4	P-Q5
(30)	R-KB1 ch !	K-K2
(31)	B x QKtP	R-B2
(32)	B-K4	B-B3
(33)	B x B	R x B
(34)	R-B1	K-Q3
(35)	R x R ch	K x R
(36)	K-B2	K-Q4
(37)	P-QR4	P-K5
(38)	P-Kt4	K-B5
(39)	Kt-R5 ch	K-Q4
(40)	P-Kt5	P-QR3
(41)	K-Q2	K-B4
(42)	P-R4	K-Kt5
(43)	Kt-Kt7	K-B5
(44)	P-QR5	K-Q4
(45)	P-Kt4	K-B5
(46)	P-R5	K-Q4
(47)	P-R6	K-B5
(48)	Kt-Q6 ch	K-Q4
(49)	Kt-K8	K-B5
(50)	Kt-B6	P-K6 ch
(51)	K-K2	K-B6
(52)	Kt-Q5 ch	K-B5
(53)	Kt-B7 etc.	

A : Author unknown

B : A. Troitzky

C:Bogoljubov-Thomas

One of our Paris readers, N. Waldstein, evidently unaware of my quest for readers' *own* endgames, still earns a prize for sending me this pretty little study by an author who must remain anonymous unless one of our knowledgeable readers can spot him. It is a pleasing piece, though easy enough to be amply rated with 5 points. White to win, just as in **B**, which is quite ingenious enough to be worth 6 points. As for **C** this is a position that actually happened in a game. After (1) P-B7, R-R4 ch ; (2) K-Kt6, R-R3 ch ; (3) K-B5, R-R4 ch ; (4) K-B6, R-R3 ch ; (5) K-Q5, R-R4 ch ; (6) K-K6, R-R3 ch, White (Bogoljubov) offered a draw. Yet he could have forced a win in another 5 or 6 moves. How ? (6 points).

Usual prizes. Entries by December 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 17

A : (1) Kt-R3, K-B8. (2) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-K8. (3) K x P, P-B7 (4) Kt-KB1, P queens. (5) Kt-Q3 mate.
if (1) . . . P-B7. (2) Kt-Kt3, P queens. (3) Kt x P mate.
B : (1) Kt-B4 ch, K x P. (2) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt4 (or Kt5). (3) Kt-K5, P queens. (4) P-B4 ch, K-Kt5 (or B4). (5) Kt-Q3 ch etc.
if (3) . . . K-R4. (5) Kt-B6 mate.
C : (1) B-Kt6, P-Q5. (2) Kt-Kt2 P queens. (3) Kt-B1 ! ! threatening B-Kt5.
if (1) . . . K-Q7. (2) Kt-Kt3 ch.
if (1) . . . Q-R4. (2) B x P ch, followed by Kt-Kt3.
The obvious (1) B-B6, followed by Kt-B3 and B x P ch is not good enough to win.

My only course this week is to have a small addition to the prize-fund so as to make it worth sharing among the seven competitors who were shrewd enough to assume that in **C** a white P (R5) was missing and to see the (far from easy) solution too. Sorry about the slip. Of course this shan't count in the ladder for anybody. The seven wise men are C. Allen, R. Chandra, J. C. Cock, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, F. A. Rhoden.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

RUSSELL Kerr, Labour candidate for Hexham at General Election, has resigned as Director of Town and Country Planning Association. He is 70, an Economics graduate, and a Chartered Secretary (1st Prize-man) with business and financial experience. Has travelled widely, organised meetings and conferences, and has done some writing and broadcasting. He would welcome suggestions for his future employment. Box 7565.

ARTIST designer, aged 30, 6 yrs. R.A.F., A.A.S. yrs. Art School, 1 yr. free lance finished and creative art work and part-time teaching, seeks salaried post full or part-time. Wide variety of media, from paintings, engravings, etc., to commercial or display. Accept anything offering opportunities. Also has 1961 sailing boat for sale cheap. Box 7143.

COUPLE with daughter 8 would welcome another little girl for Xmas. Mrs. M. Wood, 96 Pams Way, Ewell, Surrey.

YOUNG qualified sec. accountant 25, now in Uganda, seeks radical change. Present emoluments £1,100 p.a. Anything considered, travelling pref. Free Oct., 1952. Airmail replies to Treasurer, Box 518, Kampala, Uganda.

PARTY decoration. Original or Fantastic. Professional painter and experienced theatre designer will transform your room for one night. No inconvenience or mess. Estimate free. Denny & O'Casey, 46 Northwick Close, N.W.8. CUN. 9748.

FREE Xmas Holidays 2-4 weeks in modernised Suffolk cottage to capable girl over 18 prepared to help with two-year girl twins and take sole charge few days' end December while parents away. Box 7398.

IS there anyone kind enough to lend desperate young married couple £200? Repayable with interest £6 monthly. Will pay for legal agreement. Box 7374.

UNCONVENTIONAL sg. woman sks congenial ditto taking holiday & give share cottage. Int. theatre. BM/NFB, W.C.1.

EDUCATED couple wish to rent unfurnished flat or cottage. Wife willing to do any household duties, care of children, drive car, good dressmaker, fond of animals, gardening. Box 7467.

PROF. man (Continental) requires intelligent young woman secretarial assistant for Xmas work. West End. Box 7567.

MONDAY to Friday morning cleaning required for bachelor's flat, St. John's Wood. Write Box 7460.

PRIVATE art lessons for children. Fully qualified, experienced teacher has vacancies holidays or term-time. Bartlett, 7 Kent Terrace, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

VIOLIN lessons by Matti Eitler, diplomée Vienna Academy. TATe Gallery 0655.

JOHN Morris, late Vice-Principal The James Ching Pianoforte School, London, offers a specialised approach to the details of pianoforte technique & interpretation. 26 Warnborough Rd., Oxford. Tel.: 2151.

QUAL. teacher cello and pianoforte. A.R.C.M. & L.R.A.M., avail. visit schools Oxfordshire, Berks., Bucks. London. Box 7441.

OXFORD Centre for Psychotherapy. Enquiries to the Secretary, The Ridings, Shotover, Oxford.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7563.

SUNDAY Language Circle, French, German, English for Foreigners, 4-7 every Sunday. South Kensington Restaurant, 10 The Arcade, S.W.7. Adm. 2s. 6d., self-serv.

SIX European languages. Personal help offered to Scandinavian graduate to writer, translator, etc. London now. Box 7362.

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YOU may have seen my sculpture photographs for the Arts Council in their Annual Report. I have only room for small pieces at 5 Paddington St., but am looking for premises where I can photograph larger work. House agents please note.) Anthony Panting.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Hertling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, London, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

RUSSIAN. French & Spanish—classes & corr. 144 Russell Ct., W.C.1.

HINDI tuition & transl. by expert. Tuitions individual. Archway 6197, mornings.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CHRISTMAS New Year House Party in attractive country house near Windsor invites few additional members in search of a gay, informal Christmas in interesting company. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

PROFESSIONAL woman, seeking pleasant country accom., offers part-time, non-domestic services in exchange. Secretarial, research, translations (expert). Box 7480.

DIRECTORSHIP offered. Growing Language School, W. End. £1,500. Box 7475.

TWO well-educated German friends would like to take over light duties in spare-time (housekeeping, lessons, etc.), return board and lodging. London. Highest references. Tempel, Dromilly, Loughgall, Co. Armagh.

WINTER-sporting at Christmas? You will be welcome at our informal Christmas New Year party to Lech am Arlberg, Dec. 21, or Obergurgl, Dec. 28. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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NICE for Christmas and New Year! By specially heated luxury motor coach, 16 days' tour—£57 10s., leaving London Dec. 21, escorted throughout, or visit Winter Sports resorts by coach, leaving Jan. 6, 14 days—55gns. Details from Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. I.B.F.Z. Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes daily play with Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florentin Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 21d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

"THE Towns Know Too Little About the Country." Prizes of £100, £50 and £25 are offered for an essay on how this may be remedied. Details from Assocn. of Agriculture, 238 Abbey House, 2 Victoria St., S.W.1.

FURNITURE made to fit your home; built-in cupboards, bookshelves, occasional furniture, restoration of modern & antique, french polishing. Original Furniture Craft, Ltd., 105 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 7671/7693.

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FOR Sale: "Adelphi," vols. I, II (1923-5); "Economist," 1943, '44 (2 missing), '45, '46, '47, unbound; Lawrence, "Seven Pillars," 1935, offers; Baxter prints 1851 Exhibition; Complete set Encyclopædia Britannica, 1949, Blue Levantex, original price £75 10s., offers; Unused Russian Linguaphone, complete, offers.

WANTED: Balzac—"César Birotteau" (English translation); Complete set or run of "The Commonweal," Edited by William Morris, 1885-1888; Mee's "I See All." 5 vols. or parts, also "Horizon," sets and odds; H.M.V. Portable Gramophone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Senior Lecturership or Lecturership in Economics. Applications are invited for an appointment to the teaching staff of the Faculty of Economics. The status and commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £A1,050-£A1,300 per annum; for a Lecturer £A650-£A1,000 per annum; to which is added a cost of living adjustment (at present £A122 males, £A94 females), with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of Philosophy. Initial salary £1,700 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be recvd. on/before Jan. 5, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Research Assistant for European Services to summarise and file background information on Eastern Europe. Requirements include good working knowledge of Russian and interest in and knowledge of current affairs. Experience of research work an advantage. Salary £355 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £520 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "E.T.E.D. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BERKSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Youth Officer, Wantage Area. The Committee invite applications for the post of Youth Officer for the Wantage Area. Salary £300 rising annually by £15 to £355, the initial salary being fixed according to qualifications and experience. The post is superannuable. Living accommodation is available. Further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Office, Shire Hall, Reading. W. F. Herbert, Director of Education.

BERKSHIRE Education Committee, Fifield House, Wokingham. Applications are invited for the posts of resident Warden and Matron (male or female, married or single) at the above-named Hostel for older girls which will be opened early next year. The Hostel will accommodate thirteen girls between eleven and sixteen years of age, attending ordinary schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic. Persons are sought who have (1) interest in and sympathy with the problems of adolescence, (2) experience in the care of young people and (3) knowledge in household management. Salaries will be at the rate of £292 × £15—£337, £262 × £15—£307 per annum respectively with free board residence. Application forms may be obtained from the undersigned. W. F. Herbert, Director of Education, 3 Abbot's Walk, Reading.

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HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10—Wakefield "B" Group. Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Biochemist. Applications are invited for the appointment of Biochemist at the Central Pathological Laboratory, Wakefield "B" Group of Hospitals, under the direction of the Pathologist. Applicants should be Chemical Graduates, B.Sc., Ph.D., with post-graduate experience. Salary £550 × £30—£730 per annum. For persons with more than two years' experience in hospital biochemistry, the years of service above that number will be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. The appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full particulars of experience, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the undersigned within three weeks of the date of the appearance of this advertisement. G. L. Banner, Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood St., Wakefield.

NATIONAL Union of Students (Travel Department) requires Accountant/Bookkeeper, salary scale £450/£600 to commence duties immediately; also Secretary (female) with administrative ability to take charge of small office. Apply in writing to: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

REQUIRED January. Man Youth Leader (Co. Woman Leader.) Residential. (House available married man.) Interest in personal and family problems essential. Also cook-housekeeper (16-18 residents). Particulars from University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

APPLICATIONS invited from women (25-40) with previous relevant experience for post as Leader of Y.W.C.A. Club for mainly adolescent boys and girls in industrial district of Birmingham for January 1, 1952. Appointment is non-resident. Salary £300 × £10 to £350. Commencing figure according to age and experience. Apply by letter: Training and Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1.

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TWO part-time Organisers wanted for social work (two days a week), if possible based on Bristol and Southampton respectively; married women; some travelling. Age, education and experience, marked A.O., to The Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

GRADUATE Master (single 30-40) required in January for Vegetarian co-educational School. Box 7572.

WANTED, January, for small co-ed. country boarding school: (1) asst. cook-housekeeper; (2) teacher Maths. & gen. subjects; (3) teacher Crafts (or good woodwkr.). Suit person with child sch. age. J. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas.

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SECRETARIAL Assistant (female) wanted, for office of the Royal College of Physicians. Graduate preferred. Shorthand and typing essential. Experience of committee work an advantage. Salary: £400 per annum, or according to experience. Apply in writing to The Assistant Secretary, Royal College of Physicians, 12 Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

A RESIDENT Secretary is reqd. at Alfer Park School, Dartington Hall, Totnes. Duties part secretarial, part housekeeping. Salary £150 p.a. Apply to the Bursar, Foxhole School, Dartington Hall.

MATRON required for small co-educational vegetarian school. Box 7491.

POLITICIAN (Socialist) and journalist reqs. educated housekeeper-assistant run house London, with morning help. Typing experience advantage. Please state full partics. and salary reqd. Box 7530.

N. DEVON farmer, late thirties, reqs. housekeeper (25-35), diet reform. Must be fond of children, understand farmers' difficulties and willing to lend a hand outside seasonally or other times. Profit-sharing basis envisaged. Box 7401.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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SPARE-time work wanted by barrister; research, personnel, experience; anything considered. Box 7269.

MISCELLANEOUS

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IRVING Theatre Club, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., WHI. 3678, offers special annual subscription rates during Christmas and New Year (now until Jan. 6) to prospective members, at 10s. 6d. instead of 1gn. The annual subscription of 5s. for theatre members remains the same. Apply Secretary.

THE Divorce Law Reform Union, Sec.: 139 Gladstone Rd., Watford, is giving evidence before Royal Commission. Membership fees, 10s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Entirely new set from Ditchling Press. Artists include Molly Latham, Robin Jacques, Kenneth Center and Stuart Somerville. 7 for 4s., post free. Dept. N., Ditchling Press, Ltd., Ditchling, Sussex.

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LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

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MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

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UNITY. Eus. 5991. Last perfs. "The Hawthorn Grove." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. Mons. "Mother Goose" opens Dec. 14.

EMBASSY Theatre, Swiss Cottage. University College, London, Dramatic Society presents "Herod The King," translated by R. P. Keigwin from Danish of Kaj Munk. Dec. 10 at 7.45 p.m.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 9: Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel" (A). From Dec. 10: Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3311. Dec. 9th, 7.30. "Cinderella" (A) (Italian).

THE English Opera Group presents English Opera Group Chamber Orchestra. Cond.: Norman Del Mar. Meeker-Wood & Benjamin Britten (Pianoforte). Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. Sun., Dec. 16, at 8. Works by Boyce, Mozart, Schonberg, Wagner, Saint-Saens. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., from Chappell's, usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (at Museum from 6.15 on concert days).

"BILLY Budd," an intro. to Britten's new opera, by Peter Gellhorn, with illus. by members of the Covent Gdn. cast. Sun., Dec. 9, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Parties from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8. Tel. WES. 7513.

FOLK Music of Rumania. Talk illustrated by gramophone records of songs, dances, rituals, festivities, by A. L. Lloyd, at 33 Pembridge Sq. (Notting Hill Gate), Sun., Dec. 9, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.; refreshments.

72ND Concert of French Music. Wigmore Hall. Thurs., Dec. 13, at 1. Dalsyrac and Sauguet String Quartets. Chausson Concerto (piano, violin quartet). Cyroulnik, Maillard-Verger, Quatuor Parreau, 10s., 7s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Piano Recital by Marguerite Woolf at Three Arts Club, 15 Gt. Cumberland Place, W.1, on Sat., Dec. 15, at 8 p.m. Members and Members' Guests only. Partics. of Assocn. on applic. to Hon. Sec., 31 St. Mark St., E.1.

FABIAN Dance, St. Marylebone Society, Fri., December 14, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Broadhurst Rooms, 100 West End Lane, N.W.6. Fancy Dress optional. Licensed bar, novelties. Tickets 4s. 6d. Mrs. L. J. McCullagh, CUN. 6546, or at door.

WELCOME to International Youth Centre Social, Sunday, Dec. 9, 8 p.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment. Adm. 2s.

HAMPSTEAD Branch, I.F.L. Dance, Fri., Dec. 14, 7.30. Bickerstreth Hall, New End, St. (Meetings Mondays, Burgh House).

EXHIBITIONS

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Greece, Britain and Italy in the Risorgimento 1815-1848 (Foscolo, Byron, Mazzini, Carlyle, Garibaldi, Palmerston, etc.; pictures and records). Dec. 7, 1951-Feb. 7, 1952. Mon.-Fri. 11-6; Sat. 11-4; Sun. 2-4. Adm. 1s. 6d. Members free.

MENINSKY and Adler. Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till December 22. Mons., Weds., Fridays, Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Margaret Kaye.

ARCHER Gall., 303 Westbourne Gr. W.11. Recent Tapestry & Decorations by Michael O'Connell. Till Dec. 15. Mon.-Sat. 10-5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. Special Exhibns.: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Prehistoric Man in Health & Sickness. (Last wks).

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhn. Oils, Water Colours, Drawings. 10-5 Sundays excepted.

MONTAGE Galleries, 39 James St., Wigmore St., W.1. First exhibition in England of Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture by Ranjit Fernando of the 43 Group Ceylon. December 4-15.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VI. including paintings by Corot, Degas, Wilson, Bonington, Courbet, Morisot, Gauguin, Bonnard, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Exhibition in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nov. 27-Dec. 21. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th series). Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. Second Exhibition of Paintings by E. Box. Aquarelles by Philippe Jullian. Private view Tues., December 11, 5 o'clock.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Select Paintings, Old and Modern, under 25gns. Until December 29.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

DALI at The Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until Dec. 21.

FUCIK Exhibition Mon. to Fri. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. until Dec. 14 (Sats. 2-6 p.m. at Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. This exhibition portrays the life and work of a great revolutionary and fighter against Fascism, executed by the Nazis in 1943. You must not miss it. Adm. free. All welc.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oliver Messel designs for a Cochran Production. French and English Colour Lithographs by Rouault, Picasso, Braque, Sutherland, Moore, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Christmas exhibition of modern Pottery, Glass and China by artist craftsmen. Dec. 10-Jan. 5. (till Dec. 22, week-days 10-8 p.m.) inc. Sats.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. New Paintings by Roy Turner Durrant. Dec. 11-Jan. 5. Till Dec. 22, week-days 10-8 p.m. incl. Sats.

GIMPEL Frls., 50 South Molton St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition—Illuminations by Dom Robert; Pottery by James Tower; Aeply Reproductions and Ascher Squares.

MARLBOROUGH at R.W.S., 26 Conduit St., W.1. Degas Sculpture—73 Bronzes. Open Dec. 7-22. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum Brains Trust on "Negotiation or War?" Eric Fletcher, M.P., Labour, R. Hopkin Morris, M.P., Liberal, Henry Brooke, M.P., Conservative, Thurs., Dec. 13, 7.30 p.m., C.E.A. Hall, 3rd Floor, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL 0136.

TEACHERS' conference on "Education and Peace." Speakers: Mansbridge, Dora Russell, Rev. Dr. A. D. Beldon, Prof. F. G. Gregory, F.R.S., Dec. 8 at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, at 2.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 9: S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Religion of Bernard Shaw." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Brains Trust, Fri., Dec. 7, at 7.45 p.m. Your questions on life in Poland to-day answered by Prof. H. Levy, Gordon Schaffer, R. Horne (T.U. delegate to Poland). Question Master: Mrs. Ann Herbert. All welcome. Refreshments.

FENNER Brockway, "The Effect of Malan's Policy on Africa." Refreshments. South African Student Association at W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, 8 p.m., on Dec. 14.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Dr. Winifred Cullis on "Education as a factor in the promotion of friendship and understanding." 6 p.m., Thurs., Dec. 13. Adm. free.

THEATRE Forum. Public Meeting, Dec. 9, 7.30, Marquis of Granby, Cambridge Circus, Sptr.: Roger MacDougall: "Writers' Movement for Peace." All welc. Adm. free.

MOSCOW. Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, D.Sc., F.R.S., of the recent Quaker goodwill mission, at Friends' Meeting House, Eden St., Kingston-on-Thames, Sun., Dec. 16, 6.30.

RT. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker, P.C., M.P.: "The Present European Situation," Friday, Dec. 14, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Assoc. German Social Democrats.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 15, at 6 p.m. Margot Myers, Piano & Violin Recital.

SEX Education Society. Mr. Norman Haire will speak on "Mother or Baby—The Pope's Edict," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, December 10. Non-members 2s. admission. On Monday, January 14, Mr. R. Wood will speak on "Reason and Taboo." Inquiries with, stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WELbeck 7840.

J. GUILFOYLE Williams: "Of Ants and Men," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6. (Buses 28, 31, 159 to Abbey Rd.) Sat., Dec. 8, at 2.45.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Dec. 11, at 7.45 p.m. Cmdr. Edgar Young, R.N., Retd., will speak on "Czechoslovakia Adjusts her Compass." Chairman: Mrs. Hedda Jolly.

PROKOFIEV'S "Winter Bonfire" (op. 122). Tape-recording and discussion led by Edward Clark. Mon., Dec. 10, 7.45, SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admn. free.

WORLD Jewish Congress National Conference Public Opening Session. Dr. Israel Goldstein (New York): "World Jewry in a World of Change." Mr. A. L. Easterman: "The Political Tasks of the World Jewish Congress." Under the Chairmanship of the Marchioness of Reading, Sat., December 8, 7.45 p.m., at Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dec. 11: Anniversary Party. Dec. 13 at 6.15 p.m. Lecture "Surrealism" (J. P. Hodin) and at 8.30 p.m. Platform for Poets (Chair John Davenport). Dec. 14 Benjamin Britten: Song Cycles, Speaker Eric White (Chair Erwin Stein).

BRADFORD Fabian Society. Meeting, Sun., Dec. 16, at "Mechanics' Institute. H. V. Wiseman, M.A., B.Sc. (Econ.).

SHAW Society presents Jacques Barzun (author of "Berlioz and the Romantic Century") (chair Alan Dent, 57 Dean St., W.1, Dec. 18, 7 p.m., 2s. 6d. (or 2s. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18).

SIR John Pratt on Korea, Foresters' Hall, Highgate Rd., Kentish Town, Wednesday, December 12, 8 p.m.

ILLUSTRATED talk on Wit Stwosz, great wood-carver of Middle Ages, by S. Osiakow-ski, Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Frl., Dec. 14, 7.45 p.m. All welcome.

"SOME Points of Soviet Law." Discussion led by D. Collard, A. Kiralfy, on material from "Sots. Zakonnost." Tues., Dec. 11, 7.30 SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Dec. 9, Religion: Belief or Knowledge.

G. E. O'Dell. "The Religion of Shakespeare's Kings." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 9, at 11 a.m.

"RELIGIONS and Temples of the Ganges Valley" (with Lantern Illustrations), Capt. W. Muirson Blake. Sun. Dec. 9 at 7 Bayswater Hill, Sec. 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Dec. 11, R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., "The Divorce Commission at Work." Admission free. Collection.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NIETZSCHE Society. A. J. Leahy: "Nietzsche, the Creator of Modern Psychology." Final lecture, Tues., Dec. 11, Univ. College, Gower St., 7 p.m. Adm. free.

FILM Course. The British Film Institute will repeat its successful course of last year on Appreciation of the Film. Five days, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. daily, December 31 to January 4 at the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Lecturers: Penelope Houston, John Huntley, Gavin Lambert, Ernest Lindgren, Roger Manvell, Paisley Reed, Paul Rotha. Film programmes from the National Film Library collection. The course is non-residential; tuition fees 10s. Enrolment form from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

SENSORY Winter School. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, Dec. 31-Jan. 7. Varied activities for both week-enders & those staying the week: lectures & discussions on the basic requirements of a universal religion; painting, modelling (materials provided); country dancing; New Year festivities.

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